

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, OCTOBER, 1842.

THE TOMB OF KOSCIUSKO.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THADDEUS KOSCIUSKO was one of nature's noblemen. But he was noble by patent also. His family was very ancient. He was born about the middle of the eighteenth century, in Lithuania, and was educated at Warsaw. He studied military tactics in France. He loved solitude and study. In early life his spirit was roused by recitals of the wrongs endured by the American provinces, and the bold heroism of the citizens in self-defense. He came to their aid, proffered his services, and became General Washington's aid. He distinguished himself in several engagements, and his bearing at the siege of Ninety-Six was romantically brave. He returned to Poland in 1786.

In 1789 he was made a Major General in the Polish army, and served under Poniatowski. When Stanislaus was conquered, he refused submission, and with several other officers, left the subdued army, and retired from Poland. The assembly of France at the same time gave him the privileges of a French citizen. When the oppressed Poles made a fresh effort for freedom, they called Kosciusko to the head of their armies. He advanced at the head of only 4000 men, half armed, to meet and put to the rout 12,000 Russians. Soon, however, he was shut up in Warsaw by a besieging force of 60,000 Prussian and Russian troops. But the Poles rose in their might and compelled the besiegers to retire.

Kosciusko, with 60,000 troops, mostly untrained peasants, maintained himself against twice that number of veteran troops. His efforts were unprecedented, and were crowned with success, until Catharine, the Queen of Russia, overwhelmed Poland by superior numbers. The united Russian forces assailed the Poles, not one-third their number, and were three times repulsed, but prevailed at last. Kosciusko fell from his horse in the midst of the carnage, covered with wounds, exclaiming, "*Finis Poloniæ*," and was made prisoner. In him fell devoted Poland.

Catharine caused the chieftain and his associates, prisoners of war, to be incarcerated in prison. But Paul I. liberated the captives, and treated his noble prisoner with marks of esteem, presenting him his sword, which Kosciusko returned with these memorable words, "Since I have no longer a country to defend, I no longer need a sword." To his dying day he never afterward wore a sword.

Kosciusko now passed through France, where all paid him reverence, to America, which he reached in 1797.

"Napoleon afterwards formed the plan of restoring Poland to its place among the nations, and thus, at the same time, injuring Russia and extending his own pow-

er over the east of Europe. But Kosciusko would take no part in this struggle, which was conducted by Dombrowski, in 1807 and 1808, being prevented less by ill health than by having given his word to Paul I. never to serve against the Russians. To Napoleon's proposals he answered, that 'he would exert himself in the cause of Poland, when he saw the country possessed of its ancient territories, and having a free constitution.' Fouché tried every means to carry him to Poland. An appeal to the Poles, which appeared under his name in the *Moniteur* of November 1, 1806, he declared to be spurious. Having purchased an estate in the neighborhood of Fontainebleau, he lived there in retirement until 1814. April 9, 1814, he wrote to the Emperor Alexander to ask of him an amnesty for the Poles in foreign lands, and to request him to become king of Poland, and to give to the country a free constitution, like that of England. In 1815, he traveled with Lord Stewart to Italy, and, in 1816, he settled at Soleure. In 1817, he abolished slavery on his estate of Siecnowicze, in Poland. He afterwards lived in retirement, enjoying the society of a few friends. Agriculture was his favorite occupation. A fall with his horse from a precipice, not far from Vevay, occasioned his death, October 16, 1817, at Soleure. He was never married. In 1818, Prince Jablanowski, at the expense of the Emperor Alexander, removed his body, which, at the request of the senate, the Emperor allowed to be deposited in the tomb of the kings at Cracow. A monument was also erected to his memory, and the women of Poland went into mourning for his loss."

During his second visit to America, Kosciusko resided at West Point. This is one of the most charming scenes on the face of the whole earth, and no surer evidence could be given of destitution of taste, than the unadmiring passage of the Highlands in a clear summer's day. On the elevated bench which contains the buildings of the Military School, in fair view of the river craft, stands the white marble monument represented in the engraving. Near this spot Kosciusko cultivated a garden; and it was meet to erect this shaft upon the ground which afforded him retirement, when his patriotic hopes were withered, and his arm, so often raised in defense of his country, hung down in despair.

In reviewing the history of such a man, and witnessing the many virtues which ennobled his enterprising life, the Christian will almost involuntarily inquire, was he also a man of prayer? Did he "pass through the regeneration," and die the friend of God? How true it is that the sublimest human virtues in the world's estimation, are at last all in vain, without the sprinkling of a Savior's blood, and the sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit. "Except a man be born again he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." H.

Original.

RETROSPECT OF YOUTH.

BY S. COMFORT.

THERE is nothing stable and permanent in life. It has no fixed, abiding point. The stream of time never stands, but hastens on to the fathomless ocean of eternity. Floating onward upon its bosom, while all men around us are borne forward at the same ratio of progression with ourselves, it is not passing strange that we should not correctly note the great changes which are perpetually transpiring in society. The progress of each individual through the different stages and periods of life is not only constant, but so gradual as scarcely to be perceptible to the unreflecting, unless by some event, calculated to arrest the attention and to direct it to this object, the mind is roused from its reverie, and the waking dream is dissipated. But the bustle and strife of business—the ordinary routine of domestic cares and duties—the eager pursuits of science, which drink up the spirits, and rivet the attention to a given class of objects, centring all the energies of mind in one channel—and the all-engrossing and active duties of a learned profession—all these, midst scenes which have become familiar and seem to remain unvarying, are quite unfavorable to a due appreciation of the new and varying aspects which human society constantly presents. Under such circumstances, great and striking changes succeed each other, and go on for years both in ourselves and others, and yet remain by us quite unperceived. Tender, smiling infancy may give place to prattling, volatile, inquisitive childhood—childhood be transformed into cheerful, aspiring, ambitious youth—youth ripen into strong and vigorous manhood, and manhood may, with a smooth and steady current flow on through all the varied scenes of active and useful life, till old age steals upon us with scarce an echo of its advancing footsteps, unless, perhaps, we are admonished of its invasion by some incident—infirmity, the growing obtuseness of the senses, or the waste of that strength, agility, and elasticity, while in the full possession of which weariness and debility were to us perfect strangers—we may pass from one extreme to the other almost without cognizance of the transit.

And for this we may account, from the fact that, ordinarily, in proportion as objects become familiar, they arrest the attention less; also, probably, from our being accustomed to looking forward with hope and anticipation to the future rather than dwelling on the present, retrospecting the past, or comparing the past with the present, especially if such a view is calculated to awaken conscience, or call to remembrance our own mortality. Such a view is not adapted to warm into being emotions of gayety and light-heartedness. Indeed, when we take a moralizing and sentimental survey of the past, and number the years which have fled, and reflect on the changes they have wrought, both in ourselves and others, a feeling of pensiveness will almost irresistibly steal over the mind. And this is neither strange nor wrong, for it is instinctive.

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To make such an impression deep and abiding, there is probably nothing better adapted than to revisit the place of our childhood, youth, and early manhood, after years of continued absence. You return to the spot where memory calls up a thousand living and thrilling associations. In every thing what a change! An extended circle of early acquaintance is converted into a community of strangers. You must undertake the task of learning an entire new catalogue of proper names. You will find an exercise of your skill in physiognomy in the recognition of strange faces. As you pass the streets of your native village, the houses of business, offices, and shops, and the golden lettered professional cards, all denote new occupants. Go to the place where you received a knowledge of the elements of your native language, and your first intellectual training, where the young idea was first taught how to shoot, and inquire for the companions of those blithesome days, and not one is found. Go next to the holy sanctuary. Here those love to meet who have taken sweet counsel together—they delight to go to the house of God in company, and mingle their songs and aspirations, their sighs and their tears, their hopes and their fears, their joys and their sorrows. But where are those who, in other days, associated together here? You look around for them in vain. They no longer occupy their seats in the great congregation, or come round the sacramental board. They are gone—they dwell in the spirit land. Or do you sit down with some surviving friend of other days, and select some individual from memory's record of those whose acquaintance was identified with other times, for the purpose of reviving their personal history? Such a one has long since emigrated. Another has met with such or such a revolution in the domestic relations, or secular interests; or what will interest you to know, whether for weal or woe, in moral character and prospects. Of some you will weep to hear of their relapse, while the reclamation and espousal to the cause of Christ of others will strike joy to the centre of your heart. Casting about among your early acquaintance, you will be startled to find that such a youth of your acquaintance, in departed years, now fills such a civil office, or some responsible station, has entered upon such a profession, is prosecuting such an enterprise, eager in pursuit of honor, wealth or pleasure; or perhaps a higher seat in your esteem is claimed, while your heart kindles with holy gratitude, when you learn that such a one has selected a loftier object, and makes life an offering to the honor of God and the good of men. Such and such, you learn, have been struck from the register of the living, mourned by many, forgotten by some, unknown to others, and to most as though they had not been.

But listen to their history a little farther. Inquire into circumstances. To some, as they entered the dark valley, it seemed as if a black and rayless night of horror and despair were shutting in around them. Others, as they reached the margin, and looked off on the boundless ocean on which they were about to embark,

saw the star of immortal hope rising above the proudest billow, dispelling all the shades and gloom which invest the boundless prospect—a gloomy shade, especially to those whose eye of faith was never fixed on the erected cross, who never cast the anchor of their hope within the veil. Over the memory of one you cannot but sigh, and feel it is but just. Over another you shed a tear of mournful gratitude at the additional testimony to the efficacy of the great atonement through which you hope for conquest in the final conflict.

But your thoughts are turned to other themes, and are addressed by other objects. Presenting themselves together, the events and changes of years are crowded into the space of a single thought, and make a single impression. Forgetting the intervening lapse of time which includes those contemplated events and changes, they seem as if they had all transpired at once, or had been the occurrence of one short day. The time is fled and past, the events belong to the history of absent days, the individuals are present only in memory and in thought. And who can resist the tendency to pensiveness, when every object of sight and thought combines to induce that state of mind? Not an association suggested by each surrounding object, but contributes to the same result. You cannot move from place to place but altered roads—or if the old highways remain unchanged, then every recognized object stands like some monument of other times, and meets you as if commissioned to wake up reminiscences of those days and scenes when rose the cloudless morning sun of youthful hope. Fearless of meridian heat, or evening frost, it kindly cheered your feet along life's flowery pathway. Or next arrest your attention the old inclosures, gardens, meadows, or new cleared fields, just reclaimed from native wildness, and added to the contiguous cultivated and productive grounds connected with the paternal domicil. You are struck with the dilapidated state of the houses and buildings, seen new in other times—themselves still familiar, but their aspect strange. Or perhaps they have been removed, and new ones erected in their place, or else the old remain, and other edifices have been added to their number. Your native village seems almost to have lost its identity. Is it languishing under the wasting hand of time, and the ebb of business and improvement, as if ready to be forsaken by restless, fluctuating man? Or does its improvement and extension remind you of the capacity of invincible, tireless enterprise? Here a new temple of devotion has arisen, whose lofty spire pointing to the skies, indicates man's celestial birth, and his high intellectual and moral destination. Call upon some relative or acquaintance of your early youth, glance over his domestic circle, and you are surprised that a new generation has sprung up during the few years of your absence, and you wonder that they have reached their present age and maturity. You gaze on the well known face of your friend. It is true, the general outlines remain unchanged; but where are the healthful flush, the florid hue which once danced on that cheek, the youthful vi-

vacuity which once beamed in that eye, the smile of cheerfulness which so placidly played in the whole expression, when last beheld? They have strangely disappeared.

But the few short years of absence have not sped their rapid flight without leaving some indelible traces behind them. Comparing yourself with others, and seeing in them, as in a faithful mirror, your own image reflected back, you feel a new and deep conviction of the length of life's journey, which both you and they have left behind. You find you have kept pace with those at whose progress you are filled with astonishment. You will probably more than ever feel how true it is that the sweet morning days of youth are gone, and have carried with them all that freedom from this anxious care which now ever fills your occupied and weary thoughts, and that responsibility which your present relations manifestly involve, ignorance of which then gave volatility and gayety to your cheerful heart. But they have gone. Mirthfulness has been exchanged for gravity—the restive and boundless flights of an undisciplined and delusive imagination for deep and sober thought. It is demonstrated that you are in a world of realities, though a world of constant care, and toil, and change. The romantic visions and empty dreams of earthly bliss have vanished into empty air. The conviction may have grown into an abiding principle of action, that rational and substantial joy must have its source and its seat, not in external circumstances, but in a sanctified and devotional heart. And if you have been so fortunate, rather wise, as to have sought, and seeking, found the pardon of sin and the hope of a blessed immortality, through a crucified Redeemer, you can hardly fail to feel a new impetus towards heaven, whither your faith traces the triumphant flight of kindred spirits, whose personal acquaintance you fondly hoped again to enjoy on earth. How sweet, how soothing to the soul to reflect on their escape from all the toils, and cares, and sorrows of this vale of tears! It is a cordial to the fainting heart. Hope now casts another anchor within the veil. Faith takes a firmer hold on the dying sinner's atoning sacrifice, and sees a brighter prospect rise before it. Love waxes to a purer flame to Him who first loved us and our sinful race, at the thought of obtaining the same reward; yea, heaven is more endeared, since we have kindred spirits there; and earth has less attraction, since every thing earthly is in a state of constant mutation, and all the living hasten to their final change.



I LOOK upon *personal conversation and prayer with individuals*, as among my most successful endeavors. When I first obtained a hope, I prayed year after year, that God would make me the means of saving souls; and I think I have had evidence that more than one hundred souls have been converted to God, through my own direct and personal instrumentality. It is all of God's grace, and nothing that I have done.—*Harlan Page.*

Original.

CHIPPEWA SACRED FIRE.

BY R. SAPP.

THE eastern hemisphere has the honor of being the birth-place of the human race, and of nearly every thing which gives interest and character to their history. After man left the groves in which honors were paid to the Most High, here he found a place to erect the first temple for the same holy purpose; and here the first altars were built to receive the immolated victims, designed to appease the wrath and propitiate the favor of God. From this same soil has sprung the systems of mythological worship, under which mankind lived and groaned for ages; and here the sacred fires were kindled, and magi placed to sacredly guard and keep them always burning. Here oracles gave forth prophetic enigmas, and the lying priests and priestesses reveled in their wickedness, and practiced their deceptions. But the eastern world has not been merely the birth-place of man and mythological systems—it has also been the land of song and of science—of arms and the mechanic arts. We are so accustomed to trace the origin and history of every thing to this pristine abode of man, that whatever we find in the western world peculiar or distinctive, we are apt to turn our eyes to the east, and look for some usage with which it will correspond, and from which it may have originated.

I am led to these reflections by learning of the existence of the sacred fire which was burning upon the southern shore of Lake Superior, towards the close of the seventeenth century. This had become the central point of intelligence and power to the great Algonquin race of Indians. The Chippewa, or, as they are styled, Algonquin and Algonic, in their national ligaments, embraced one of the great families inhabiting the northern part of the American continent at its discovery. They then spread over a wide territory, taking in the country surrounding the northern lakes, and extending east and west along the numerous rivers and streams, forming the inlets and outlets of these great inland seas. Formerly, as their tradition represents, they were seated upon the banks of the St. Lawrence; but, from their migrating and predatory character, they extended their abodes and conquests north to Hudson's Bay and Lake Winnipic, and west to the extreme western limits of Lake Superior, and the head waters of the Mississippi, where they came in contact with some of the tribes belonging to the great Ostic stock.

This race of Indians are strongly addicted to storytelling—have an unlimited belief in magic and the influence of their *manitoes*, or spirits, and accustom themselves to sing unmeasured and rough songs. These several peculiarities are so interwoven, that their legendary tales are intermixed with their mythological enigmas, and their rude poetry and music with both. Every tribe or band has a class of magi, whose business it is to offer sacrifices and perform religious services, and who are consulted as oracles, both in peace and war. From whence they derived their notions of pro-

phetic intercourse with the future, or their capability of appeasing the wrath and propitiating the favor of their *manitoes*, we are ignorant, unless we allow that they brought it in their migrations from the eastern hemisphere. Allowing that they came from the eastern continent, we at once have an easy solution; but cut off the descent of this race of men from the eastern world, and we are left in darkness as deep as their mythology.

There is one single fact, which, if it determines nothing as to their origin, is interesting to the curious inquirer of Indian history and tradition. This is the fact, above mentioned, of the sacred fire which, at the close of the seventeenth century, was burning on the southern shore of Lake Superior, far towards its western extremity. We are not able to learn the time when the fire was first kindled, the cause of its origin, nor the precise time of its extinction. Nothing, however, is more clearly established, in Indian mythology, than the fact that it existed, and that priests and priestesses were placed to sacredly guard and keep it continually burning. It appears that its extinction was regarded as ominous of some great national calamity. It was looked upon with all that superstitious veneration peculiar to the Indian character; and the persons of the male and female guardians, to whose care it was committed, were held more sacred, and in higher estimation, than their ordinary priests and sorcerers.

But notwithstanding their superstitious care, this visible emblem of their national power, which was considered to be coeval with their national existence, has long since ceased to burn. It was for centuries the beacon of their national pride; but the time at length drew on when they, like the great nations of antiquity, were to be broken down. The augury proved but too true. This has been done. We, like the ruthless Goth, have trampled upon their sacred fire, and overthrown their power, and they now are a ruined and riven race.

It is easy to trace a resemblance between this fact in Indian mythology, and the ancient magian religion. The magi of Persia were divided into three classes—the first consisted of inferior priests, who conducted the ordinary ceremonies of religion—the second presided over the *sacred fire*, which, before the time of Zoroaster, was kindled on the tops of hills in the open air, and was held to be the emblem of Oromasdes, or the good god—the third was Archimagus, or the high priest, who possessed supreme authority over the whole order.



WHEN I appeared like the world, in Babylonish garments, I had its esteem, and knew not how to part with it. But when I showed by my appearance, that I considered myself as a stranger and a foreigner, none can know, but by trying it, what an influence it has on the whole conduct, and what a fence it is to keep us from sinking into the spirit of the world. For there is no medium; they who are conformed to the fashions, customs, and maxims of the world, must embrace its spirit also.—*Mrs. Fletcher.*

Original.

THE FUTURE.

It has been said that "he who is content, will smile upon a stool, while Alexander weeps upon the throne of the world." The sentiment may be true; yet we have rare examples of perfect contentment. Human ambition is seldom satisfied. The aspirations of the soul rarely cease till death cuts down the aspirant. Disappointment cannot quench the ardors of a mind intently set upon the acquisition of happiness. Defeat often adds intensity to desire, and multiplies the objects of hope. Hence our sanguine anticipations of the future.

The human mind, ever restless, ever planning, taries not to converse with passing scenes, but seeks to penetrate the veil, and explore the mysteries that lie beyond. Not the realities of *to-day*, but the prospects of *to-morrow* charm us. Man may be said to live in futurity. There he builds his habitation, and dwells with rapture upon the glowing fictions of his own creative fancy.

While memory is treacherous, and the past is forgotten—while the present is only a point, and arrests not the current of thought, the mind seeks a field where it may fully exercise its powers. This is found in the future. Here opens a boundless expanse, over which thought may wander with delight. Here fancy may roam unconfined. Here is felt the power of a charm which attracts the soul, and, like the mysterious loadstone, draws all objects toward itself. Much of its influence over the mind, however, may arise from the *change* it effects in desired objects.

When the mind contemplates a remote object, it discovers not deformities, but is often deceived, as is the eye by natural objects under similar circumstances. Why does a rude hut, surrounded with shrubbery, appear, at a distance, like a beautiful cottage, and an ugly plot of ground, covered with weeds, like a verdant lawn, clothed in all the rich luxuriance of nature?—the neighboring pool, whose nauseous vapors exhale poisons, like a placid sheet of water! All is the effect of distance. By its transforming agency, whatever may be harsh, discordant, and offensive, is softened into exquisite beauty and loveliness. As in the natural, so in the moral landscape,

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

Objects appear comely and fascinating, because they are remote, and their deformities are concealed. Contemplate for a moment human life, and test the assertion by experience. We slight present objects, no matter how much happiness they might afford. They seem mean and unsatisfying. But those in the distant future we admire. We press to their attainment; yet often when attained, we loathe and cast them away.

But the fancied value of things in expectancy is greatly enhanced by the *medium* through which they are seen. Distance would operate in vain, did not imagination exert its magic power. Fancy is the mind's prophetic eye. It delights to traverse the mazes of the unknown future. When the light of reason scarcely

shines beyond the present, and to it would confine all our meditations, imagination, winged by the fires of inspiration, bears off its prize to the secret habitations of coming time.

Hope is another agent in the anticipations of the future. It clothes imagination in an apparent garb of reality, and gives even a seeming permanence to the forms of things unknown, conjured up by the wild workings of fancy.

"Hope, a beauteous phantom, pictures fair
Each scene of future life.
With mimic dyes she tinges every thought
Like Sol's bright ray, when falling on
The dew-bespangled mead."

But it remains for fancy to give the finishing stroke. Imagination plans the structure, hope gives the form, and fancy decorates.

The operations of these principles are seen in every period of life. In infancy, imagination, touching the secret springs of latent thought, and setting in motion the machinery of mind, is seen in all its multiform exhibitions. Behold the sportive boy as he runs on an errand for his parents. Mark the workings of his active mind, and the bright anticipations that are kindled by every passing object. What is it that now retards his steps? He is forming bright anticipations of the future. Perhaps he passes a window glittering with collections of rich and costly merchandise. He dreams of great possessions and incalculable wealth. A splendid mansion next attracts his notice. He hopes soon to be the proprietor of one still more magnificent. Now his ear catches the sound of martial music, and a military show is presented. Immediately he fancies himself the commander of a mighty army, with thousands moving at his will. He dreams of battle fields, glorious victories, and of the conqueror's triumphs. These, however, may be considered the wild chimeras of an untutored, infant mind, which a ripper and enlightened judgment would correct. But let it be remembered that human nature is always the same. As the small shrub bodies forth the form of the stately tree, so the mental operations of the young are only the mighty mind in embryo.

What is it that occupies the sleeping and waking reveries of the young man about to enter upon the arena of active life? Watch the course of his thoughts in his solitary musings. Is he to be a merchant? How bright are his expectations! He hopes soon to outrival all his competitors in wealth and respectability. He anticipates seeing his name known and honored in every country, and his ships floating on every sea. Is he a scholar, about to enter the field of literary competition? Imagination bears him at once to the very pinnacle of fame, forgetful of the necessary intervening steps. The productions of his pen are read and admired by all the learned; or perhaps called to a public life, "juries hang upon his lips, courts bow to his decisions, or a listening senate is wielded at his will." Thus men pass their lives, the victims of vain hopes and visionary projects. Nor do they cease while the waning lamp of life emits its feeblest ray. Often the

ruling passion is strong in death, and the last struggles of expiring nature are blended with the strong utterance of some long cherished plan of life.

The picture drawn is not of an individual, but of the multitude. There are few in this busy world who do not chase these glittering phantoms of hope with eagerness. But how little of this bright imagery possesses any real and tangible qualities! How few of these brilliant castles built amid fancy's wild careerings, are ever inhabited! Men look forward with eager solicitude to the period when they shall attain the full fruition of their wishes; but, alas! how seldom are they gratified! When the period for their fulfillment arrives, all their bright anticipations, once so firmly enthroned in futurity, vanish, and, "like a vision, leave not a wreck behind." While we admit there is a pleasure in gay day dreams, and midnight reveries, care should be taken to guard against excessive indulgence. If not, the mind will soon become like well-wrought machinery without a balance-wheel. When loose reins are given to the imagination, and a wild fancy permitted to drive the vehicle of thought far into the ideal world, man has no safe criterion of action, but becomes a fit object for the arrows of fate. Reason, phæton-like, unable to restrain the impetuosity of an imperious imagination, is hurled from her seat of authority, subdued by the power of disappointed hope; and once noble man becomes, like the mountain oak riven by the vengeful thunderbolt, a blighted trunk of an accursed root.

Rather suborn imagination to the dictates of reason, and consult the oracles of wisdom; for there are anticipations which disappoint not, and hopes that will not die, even before the "dances of death." I mean those higher, holier, nobler aspirations of the soul, which so connect things present with the future, as "to bind man's chaste affections to the throne of God," where long cherished expectation will ere long break forth into the bright realities of a blissful eternity.

LEANDER.

Original.

THE GRAVE.

Thoughts suggested at the consecration of the Wesleyan Cemetery, near Cincinnati, July 11, 1842.

How beauteous has the God of nature made
This spot, where we shall all so soon be laid!
These hills and dales, in their primeval order, stand
The unmarr'd work of an Almighty hand;
And e'en the spacious dell, where thousands sit
To catch instruction drawn from Holy Writ,
And learn how patriarchs buried their lov'd dead,
(As we have heard, just from the Scriptures read,)
And what provision Abraham for his Sarah made,
That he might call *his own* the spot where she was laid;
From desecrating hands her precious dust to save,
He chose a burial place, and *bought* a grave—
This dell, I say, was fashioned by no human hand,
But hollowed out by His whose wisdom plann'd

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This universe, and hung yon glorious sun on high—
Who guides his daily circuit through the sky,
To warm and quicken into life and birth
The budding garniture of our fair earth.
But listen to the speaker! he whose unctious voice
Would have our ashes rest—our souls rejoice.
He reason gives, from all the nations dead,
Why *we* like them should rest the weary head—
Why earth's green off'ring living hands prepare,
To shroud the tenant—or t' soothe the weeper—there.
But, hark! that voice again, and wipe those weeping
eyes—

"Those who in Jesus sleep, with *him* shall rise."
Yes, rise from these low graves, his word has shown,
To meet a "risen Savior" near the throne.
O, let us, then, our *hearts* as well as graves prepare,
So we who here have met, again meet there,
And this vast "*gathering* of the west"
Be found once more amid the blest.
'Tis He alone, to whom "life's issues all belong,"
Can tell who *first*, amidst this breathing throng,
Shall, hither borne, fulfill the sad decree,
To part from life and "all the sympathies that be."
Perchance some heedless, fearless one now near,
May soonest th' appalling summons hear.
God in his wisdom shapes our ends—the young and gay
May be the first he *wisely* calls away;
And ere these trees their beauteous foliage shed,
The head may rest where now the agile foot has sped;
And ere another summer sun comes back to bless
And deck this grove in nature's verdant dress,
The pensile willow o'er that grave be weeping,
Where the young victim lies, forgetful sleeping.
In fancy's eye, methinks I see, e'en now,
Death's angel standing on yon hillock's brow,
Complacent, looking on—the preparations making,
While he, remorseless, his sure aim is taking.
The shaft has sped! See how, in swift decline,
The victim falls! At the grim monster's shrine
All human aid were vain—no skill can save
This ripening subject from an early grave.
But ye whose "hearts are right," be not afraid!
God never yet his "promises betrayed."
Through the "dark valley" he his light will fling—
The grave shall have no victory, and death no sting!
And when we lay thee in thy grassy bed,
Our eyes, perchance, some "natural tears will shed;
But wipe them soon," and haste to strew thy grave with
flowers,

(And soon this office we shall claim for our's;)
And while we place the *arbor vita** at thy head,
(The fittest emblem for the *living dead*.)
We with the Spirit humbly strive,
Not "to be dead to God" whilst yet alive.

CORNELIA AUGUSTA.

To some warm heart the poorest dust is dear;
From some kind eye the meanest claim a tear.

* Literally, *tree of life*.

Original.

ELECTRICITY.

THE natural sciences are the peculiar growth of modern times; for whatever eminence the learned of antiquity may have attained in other departments of science, or of the arts, they seem scarcely to have entered upon the threshold of this. Some departments, which are now perhaps less assiduously cultivated, had then advanced to great perfection, and shone with astonishing brilliancy; whilst others, which were then shrouded in the deepest night, or perhaps just seen above the horizon, emitting a feeble and flickering ray, have since arisen to meridian splendor.

Thus painting and sculpture rose under the plastic hand of the tasteful Greeks, sensitively alive to all the charms of symmetry and color, to an elevation which bids defiance to future rivalry; while the glowing fancy, the lofty imagination; the delicate sensibility of Athenian and Roman mind, have poured themselves forth in all the varied forms of poetry and eloquence, which they have left, like luminaries, in the literary heavens, at which the poet and the orator of succeeding ages might delight to aim, though despairing of ever attaining his mark. Though, in the pure sciences, the works of Euclid have continued to be the text-book of the geometrician for more than two thousand years, still unrivaled in the beauty and simplicity of its demonstrations, yet of the natural sciences, which constitute so large and valuable a portion of modern learning, scarcely one can be said to have had an existence in the academies of ancient Greece and Rome.

The history of some of them, indeed, may be included within the narrow compass of half a century or less. It was not until philosophers ceased to rest the superstructure of science upon the shadowy pillars of fanciful theory, and learned, by careful observation, and by skillful experiments, like well directed questions, to draw from the breast of nature the secret principles which govern her mysterious operations, that these sciences began to assume their present commanding position.

What has been said of the natural sciences generally, is particularly applicable to the science of electricity. Its history, as a science, can date little more than two centuries back; and an account of all the isolated facts known to the ancients, may be comprised within a very narrow compass. Thales, the "father of Grecian philosophy," first observed that amber, on being rubbed, attracts to itself straws and other light bodies. This effect the Grecian philosopher gravely attributed to the agency of some hidden animals, which, excited by unwelcome pressure, sallied forth from their amber habitation, and in their return brought back the captive straws. This same property was afterwards observed to belong to another substance, probably the same that is now called tourmaline. These two facts seem to have constituted the alpha and omega of the *practical* electricity of the ancients, and were handed down through succeeding ages with little addition, till about the commencement of the seventeenth century.

They had, it is true, witnessed many of the more prominent exhibitions of its power in the works of nature. They had listened with superstitious awe to the dread artillery of the heavens—they had seen the vivid lightning's play around the lofty summit of their Olympus, firing its sacred groves, or hurling from its cragged peaks the massive rocks. The sailor, too, had seen in it his guardian deity, or the dreaded genius of the storm, resting in tongues of fire upon the pointed mast; or the warrior, upon the eve of battle, had seen his spear tipped with ethereal fire. But while these appearances were regarded as the effect of the direct interposition of some of the numerous superior beings with which a teeming fancy had peopled the earth and skies, and who, by these means, displayed their power and maintained their authority over the minds of men, few could be found, even among philosophers possessed of sufficient hardihood and impiety to attempt an explanation, by natural causes, of these most interesting phenomena.

These opinions at length, however, began to give place to sounder principles in science, and more enlarged and accurate views of Divine Providence; and some of the more bold and speculating among the learned attempted to account for the extraordinary appearances in nature according to the laws by which she was known to perform her ordinary works. But the human mind, long shrouded in the dark mantle of ignorance, and fettered by superstition, could not by a single effort shake off its fetters, and proceed, at one giant stride, to the eminences of true science. The eye, so long blinded by prejudice—the hand, palsied by the incantations of bigotry and priestcraft, could not at once penetrate the deep recesses of the laboratory of nature, and seize, with tenacious grasp, and bring to the light of day the secret laws and hidden apparatus by which she performed her mysterious operations. But the late unshackled mind was compelled to proceed with slow and cautious steps, groping its way through the intricate mazes of error, which many dark ages had accumulated, and removing, with untiring industry, the thousand obstacles which prejudice had interposed to its onward progress. Like the invalid just rising from the bed of disease which has prostrated all his energies, its first efforts were feeble and blundering. Yet, gaining strength from every exertion of its powers, and learning wisdom from its former failures, it has advanced rapidly to that lofty eminence on which it now stands, surveying with intelligent eye the manifold works of the great Architect of the universe, and holding in its hands the keys that unlock a thousand mysteries, which for ages had been barred to human observation.

About the year 1600, some interesting experiments in electricity were published by a Dr. Gilbert of England, relating chiefly to the attractive and repulsive powers of excited bodies. Little interest, however, seems to have been excited by their publication among the learned of that day; and few if any discoveries were made till about the close of the seventeenth, or

beginning of the eighteenth century, when, by the labors of Boyle and Guericke, many new facts were brought to light, and increased interest given to electrical inquiries. But though the number of facts in relation to this subject were thus increased, little seems to have been gained in the way of explanation or theory. Boyle, it is true, discarded the invisible animals employed by the Grecian sages in their explanation of attraction, but supplied their places by an adhesive fluid thrown off by the excited body, and which, attaching itself to light particles of matter, brought them back in its return.

The earliest method of obtaining electricity was by rubbing amber or tourmaline, with the hand; and it was long supposed that these were the only substances capable of excitation. It was at length, however, discovered that sulphur, and resinous and vitreous bodies possessed similar properties; and plates or cylinders of these substances were substituted for the amber of the earlier experimenters. A new era was commenced in electrical inquiries on the introduction of the sulphur globe by Guericke, which was turned on its axis, and excited by the friction of the hand. This long continued to be the most approved method of obtaining electricity. Machines have since been constructed in a great variety of other forms, and of an almost innumerable variety of substances, such, for example, as cylinders or plates of glass, rosin, or baked wood, woolen cloth, strips of varnished silk, &c. One general principle, however, pervades the whole; for however they may differ in other respects, they all agree in this, that the producing cause is friction of what are called non-conducting substances. In the earlier stages of these investigations, it was discovered that the attraction was not constant, but that bodies were first attracted and then repelled with equal force. These unaccountable, and apparently contradictory properties of the same body, led to the prosecution of experiments with increased zeal and greater carefulness; and every circumstance connected with them was subjected to the closest scrutiny. By the ingenious and accurate investigations of such men as Coulomb, Laplace, Biot, and others, men of the greatest acuteness of intellect, and depth of scientific research, the various laws which regulate them have been determined with a precision equal to our highest wishes. From these investigations it appears that whenever two bodies are rubbed together they both become electrically excited, and that the nature of this excitement, or, in other words, the kind of electricity is different in the two bodies—that bodies similarly electrified repel, while those of opposite kinds attract each other and unexcited bodies—and that when brought into contact, these opposite electricities, called respectively, positive and negative, or vitreous and resinous, neutralize each other, and the bodies again become passive. Upon these principles are founded a great variety of beautiful and interesting experiments. Thus, when a metallic ball is suspended between oppositely electrified bells, it is alternately attracted and repelled from one to the other until an equi-

librium of the electricity is restored. Our ingenious countryman, Dr. Franklin, did not fail to bring to the investigations of this subject his accustomed sagacity and versatility of intellect, establishing some of its most important laws, and affording most ingenious and often amusing examples of their application. Among these may be mentioned the raven feeding Elijah, in which the figure of a bird performs the office of the metallic ball in the case last mentioned, conveying the electricity from an excited body to a conductor concealed beneath the robes of the prophet.

But this power is not limited, in its application, to the production of philosophic toys, however ingenious, but is found, as we may hereafter have occasion to notice, to be one of the most extensively active agents employed in the infinitely diversified operations of nature—acting at one time upon the smallest particle of matter, at another upon the most extensive masses—now at distances too inconceivably minute to be capable of appreciation by the mind of man, and again operating, it may be, through spaces, in the immensity of which all human conceptions are bewildered and lost. These attractive and repulsive powers were not only the first to be observed, but, from the smallness of the quantity of electricity necessary to their development, and the marked uniformity of their effects, they have been found to furnish the surest tests and most accurate measures of that subtle fluid. Accordingly, a great variety of instruments have been constructed, called respectively electroscopes, and electrometers, according as they are designed to discover the presence or measure the intensity of electricity, many of them displaying the highest ingenuity in their construction, and a delicacy and accuracy in their indications no less admirable.

Aided by instruments of such nicety, it was soon perceived that the force of electrical attraction, instead of being uniform, or varying simply as the distance, increased in a much more rapid ratio as the bodies approached, and diminished with a similar rapidity as they receded from each other. Hence, from the analogy of other forces, it was conjectured, long before any experiments of sufficient accuracy had been performed to determine the point, that it followed the same law of intensity as light, and heat, and gravitation, viz., what is termed by mathematicians the inverse ratio of the squares of the distances. These conjectures have been most fully verified by the acute and talented searches of Coulomb, and thus another example furnished of that beautiful simplicity and uniformity of plan by which the Architect of the universe delights to accomplish the ever-varied productions of his hand.

This is one of the innumerable instances in which the increasing light of modern science has enabled us to perceive order and simplicity where formerly only confusion and complexity of design appeared; and facts long considered anomalies in nature, have been found obedient to known and well established laws. Indeed, the natural sciences consist of little else than a classification of facts, which, from time to time, have

forced themselves upon the attention of the observer of nature, between which, however, there was seen no connecting tie, but they seemed like the playful freaks of sportive nature, delighting, occasionally, to step aside from her ordinary path, and astonish or amuse mankind by the exhibition of her terrific power, or a display of her milder beauties.

The second property of electricity which we shall notice, is its capability of being transferred from one body to another, and the circumstances connected with and dependent on the transfer. In the very commencement of electrical experiments, it was observed that the excited body, when touched by the hand, or other body, was deprived of its peculiar properties; but it was not, for many years, perceived that different substances conducted off the electric fluid, or as it was called by the early experimenters, the ethereal fire, with different degrees of perfectness, and with attendant circumstances widely different. Thus it was found that all the metals, acids, water, charcoal, and some other substances, afforded a ready passage, usually with little or no apparent effect upon themselves, whilst resinous and vitreous substances, and organized bodies, when deprived of moisture, either entirely interrupt its progress, or permit it to pass with difficulty, and often, when the quantity is large, with the accompaniment of brilliant sparks or flashes of light, or at other times the body itself is torn in pieces by the violence of the discharge. On this property is founded the division of bodies into conductors and non-conductors. And since those bodies only can be excited which resist the passage of electricity, (others conveying it away as fast as it is produced,) these divisions are frequently called, respectively, non-electrics and electrics. The two classes, however, pass by such insensible gradations into each other as to leave no distinct line of demarkation. Hence, these terms are merely relative in their signification, expressing only the comparative ease or difficulty of their excitation. Neither do any bodies possess these properties in perfection, since the most perfect conductors have been found to oppose a degree of resistance; and on the other hand, no body is so perfect a non-conductor as to be absolutely impervious to electricity when accumulated. The effects produced by the passage of electricity through non-conducting media, present one of the most extensive and interesting fields of philosophical investigation, and afford a great number of highly beautiful and amusing experiments.

As already remarked, in passing through bodies of this kind, it produces, if in sufficient quantities, flashes of light, which are also accompanied by intense heat. These sparks, or flashes, vary in brilliancy, size, form, and color, not only with the nature and intensity of the electricity employed, but with the nature both of the non-conducting media through which they pass, and of the conductors employed. The most perfect metallic conductors afford sparks of white light, of the greatest intensity, when the current passes between them through common air, whilst, under similar circumstances, wood and ice afford a beautiful red light. The hand, a less

perfect conductor, gives a purple, while that of silvered leather is a beautiful green. If other media than atmospheric air be used, such as the gasses and vapors, light of every hue, and degree of intensity, may be obtained, and the shaded tints of the rainbow, and the coruscations of the Aurora Borealis, be exhibited in miniature. Solids which are partially transparent, have their transparency greatly increased, with the production of a great variety of the most delicate colors. If a powerful shock be passed through the hand or other part of the body, its transparency will be so increased as to render the nerves and blood-vessels distinctly visible. Experiments of this kind may be infinitely diversified, since almost every substance affords some new and peculiar appearance.

The light and heat developed in these experiments, are not regarded as essential properties of electricity, but as effects produced by the sudden compression or agitation of the medium through which it passes; and hence the great variety of appearances exhibited by different substances.

The similarity of the effects of electricity to those produced by lightning, led to the suspicion, long entertained, that lightning, and its attendant circumstances, are but exhibitions on a grander scale of those phenomena which are produced in miniature by the minuter quantities of the same, which, with our limited means, we are capable of accumulating. The truth of these conjectures it was reserved for our illustrious countryman, Franklin, to establish, with that simplicity, ingenuity, and directness which are characteristic of that great philosopher. Having obtained electricity directly from the clouds, he performed with it all those effects which were known to be produced by electricity obtained in the ordinary ways—thus realizing, in this practical age, the superstitious fables of the fanciful Grecian mythologist, of bringing fire down from heaven, and stealing the thunderbolts of the cloud-compelling Jove. And not only has man learned to ape, in miniature, the dreaded thunders, but to seize, as it were, the destructive bolt in mid career, and turning it aside from its intended course, cause it to pass harmlessly away. Here we see the same agent, when collected by the experimenter, on a few feet of conducting surface, moving feathers and straws, or setting in motion some philosophic toy—at another time, when diffused through thousands of acres of dense clouds, it is seen rending the heavens with its terrific strength, and making the earth tremble while it proclaims in thunder tones its own mighty achievements—when, in the language of a gifted poet,

"From crag to crag,
Leaps the live thunder. Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers from her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps that call to her aloud."

G. W. O.

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WHERE true religion has prevented one crime, false religions have afforded a pretext for a thousand.

Original.

DESULTORY REFLECTIONS;

OR, A WALK THROUGH THE CITY.

How much, both of humanity and of life, is to be seen even in the course of an idle stroll through a city. Being rather out of humor at some vexations and annoyances, and in that low state when our firmness succumbs to the despot of *spleen*, we were fain to solace ourselves, as best we might, with a walk; and being in a frame requiring rather amusement and recreation than seeking for the edification of thought, or the delectation of outward nature, we sought not the campaign or the hills, but shaped our course city-ward, hoping, in the face and action of humanity, to beguile if not to dissipate our chagrin.

Nor did we miscalculate; for we had soon outwalked our vexations, or forgotten them, and merged *self* in the all-absorbing mass about us; in which sympathy or risibility, or revulsion, took note and comment of the individuals presented in the moving panorama before us. We should notice that in our access to the city, we take water, and the ferry-boat conveys us across the Ohio. And here our speculations commenced. We know that the rule of this order of things is precise and peremptory—more so than in matters of more considerable interest it were convenient to be. The power exercised by the one party is not disputed by the other—the four or five minutes of waiting prescribed by the *law*, is never extended—no, not if the king, or even John Tyler himself were there. And now behold the aspirants, who, by the way, are all running *down* hill to the boat. Here are two youngsters of sixteen. They doubt not, though at a good distance, and though the first puff of steam announces readiness, that their long-jumping step of four feet each one, will insure them success; and here they are on the deck, and time to spare. They have left behind them loungers, mincers, ladies, and children. See the formal gentleman, too nice or too proud to accelerate his step for any imposed rule—he makes not good headway, nor *ever* has. But that indolent, fat, dont-care person on the left, just saves himself. Good luck, the genius of the good-for-nothing, befriends him, when he *don't* miss his chance in life; and when he *does*, he has too little sensibility and almost too little observation to notice it, and thence the adage that “good luck and a little wit will do.” And here come two ladies “and a woman.” The latter gets on very well; but the former were too delicate, i. e., too genteel to overcome the difficulties of haste and the ruggedness of the way, together with the drove of beeves to be passed in reaching the boat, and being “neither decided nor undecided,” they lose, or rather waste their opportunity, and bide the chance of another trip, and some ten or fifteen minutes detention; but what of that? did not all the spectators write them “ladies?”—though the spectators, we would observe, as in many larger concerns, were too much engrossed with their own concerns and their own progress to take much note of them. Next came an old lady, who, having her grandson, an urchin of four years, by the hand,

has been really impeded, and has missed the boat, because she could not conveniently reach it; but her equanimity seems unimpaired, and of habit—the little hindrance will no doubt suggest some salutary reflection, and the mouthful of fresh air will do her good. Not so with the three hoyden school girls, whose haste was beyond decorum, and whose chagrin at “missing by only four feet,” is not yet consoled, or concealed, or *hushed*—as if four feet were not as distinct a hindrance, if a hindrance at all, as the whole width of the river! Yet such is often the logic of others than school girls. But mark the youngster of ten years, who has bounded from the top of the hill at full speed, taking no inspiration of breath, and arrives in “hot haste” just as the boat is beyond a leap. This he had at first designed, but by discrete impulse he checks the jump, and turning away from the jeering laugh of the boat boys, faces the spectators on the shore, and the old Dutchman, who, making a comical eye, says, “You lost your luck.” But my fine boy plucks up his head, and with a half blush and a disclaiming laugh, says, “Never mind, I’ll go next time”—a spicery of the future man. If he is balked, he will not be discouraged—if he lose his chance, he’ll not lose his temper.

Some more hints of character, or of pretension, we shall collect from those on the shore. There is erected on the platform a rough shed for transient shelter to passengers awaiting the boat between trips; and here you shall see many fine-lady airs, and a despising of this shelter, even in inclement weather, signifying that so rude a place is not to be endured, and is quite unworthy of *their* august presence, &c. But this, we know, is all affectation. A very little judgment would show them that the roughest shed that shelters the head from the assaults of the weather, stands far more than half way betwixt the most elaborate palace ever built, and *none at all*—in the *true sense of a house*. And how many millions of our fellow beings experience the advantage of this position! But of our boat-shed. We shall see that the really delicate lady, who comes in a carriage and pair, takes her seat here quietly as a matter of course.

Sometimes we take a peep from the deck above, when a drove of beeves are to be forced into the boat. How reluctant are the poor beasts to a strange place, to another element than their own; and having been gathered from the hills and the vallies of their sequestered range, how averse to “congregated humanity,” and how afraid of the puffings of the steam, and the confusion and hubbub of the boat! All the driving, and jeering, and coaxing, avails not half as well as one word from their tender—the swart rider of the corn-fed steed. His voice effects more than all the sharp spike-sticks of the boatmen could do. Yet is there one here who, for his total fearlessness of horn or hoof, his readiness, his unsparing of self, his agility, his cleverness, his *joy amongst cattle*, we have named “Dare Devil.” This boy I have noticed often. His sharp piony-colored cheeks, his burning black eye, show a peculiar temperament. How foremost were his place amidst the

traveling trading company, plying betwixt our western frontier and the cities of the Spanish border. He probably is not intelligent enough to know *where* to push his fortune; and we should be conscientious in advising an untrained youth to assume, for the furtherance of his fortune, a situation which might expose and jeopardize his principles; for doubtless a band so constituted, who spend much of their time, if not beyond the jurisdiction, yet beyond the precincts of law, are, more or less, a "law to themselves," and subject to the influences of moral misrule; and though, in a strife of physical power, our "Dare Devil" were as good as the best, yet *there* is his danger. He is probably better where he is.

Our boat nears the opposite shore, and presently we find ourselves in the go-ahead city of Cincinnati. Its improvements, its structures, its advantages as a city we are not now in a humor to set forth. The stream and current of life, claiming involuntary sympathy, make their own impressions, and to observe and note them is all we can at present afford.

The first person we meet is a merchant citizen. He steps out of his neat little carriage, which, at eight o'clock, has brought him from his residence on the hill, two miles away, to spend his day until four o'clock, P. M., when it will again be sent to take him to his dinner, and his comfortable, elegant home, and his well ordered family. He is neat and nice as a pink this warm July day. No small portion of our comfort, and the self-possession of our ideas, we would observe, is referable to the bath-house and the laundress. Even a poor man looks, as it were, above the world, when his "clothes philosophy" is calculated and conformed to the rule of precise comfort and respectability. But our merchant—what has he to annoy him in the world? He steps out of his carriage into his large ware-house. He has a cool, remote counting-room, and two or three bidable and orderly clerks attend him, whilst several understrappers, like Jupiter's, "await his nod." His business, too, though the times are bad, is in good train—in safe and sure progress; for he has ever been a regular and *scientific merchant*—never a speculator. He is a moral man. He has no undue vehemence of temper to betray his discretion—no assumption of pride to make him jealous. He owes no debts—he envies no man—he is afraid of no man; and, indeed, as it regards the world, he is perfectly independent. And he is, in common acceptance, a respecter of religion and its ordinances. What has he to annoy him? Why do we insist that he has any thing? Because his forehead, though placid, is not smooth—because, under the decent, gentlemanly exterior, there lurks a hardly perceptible anxiety of deportment, and, as it were, his *anatomy looks not happy*; and his eye, if you look close enough, has an expression of *avidity* which no other emotion ever transcends or countervails. Yes, though not a miser—though not denying himself or his family, his neighbor or the public their customary rights, yet does the sin of *avarice* abide and rule his inner bosom, giving disquiet where cause of disquiet would seem none; and for the

want of "that perfect rule," which constrains him not, rendering *him* less than happy who seems to hold the world in his power. And yet is there many a worse man.

It is market day, and see the motley crowd pressing on to the stand. The stalls are redolent of newly butchered meats, and the very large quantity sends forth an odor so strong, as seems to draw the sense to a sort of faintness this warm day. And now are we jostled, even on the sidewalk, by the return passengers. Truly, what a nation of eaters! Nation, did we say? Many from other countries than our own are here—mostly, the Irish and the Dutch; and both, as naturalized citizens, are making rapid strides in the acquisition of property and its concomitant privileges. How content should *we* be with our individual annoyances, when we can every day in the year witness the fullness of our land in its length and breadth. And as we reflect upon the starveling neighborhoods that many of these emigrants left on their native shores, we give them hearty welcome to our more happy country. As yet many of them are uncouth and ungainly. Though the dialect of the Dutch is grating to our ears, yet does the animated and fluent garulity of yonder group attract us, as they make their way, bearing their well-filled baskets, with no great expense of grace, and jostling all not as expert as themselves in threading the sinuous course through the mob. See yet another, not fully as polite as these! Her step is like the step of a man, both bold and resolute—her brawny arms are bare—her gown of blue nankin is neither too long nor too wide; but then her cap frill makes up all deficiencies. It is turned up into the air, and its deep cherry colored ribbon is careering in the wind. She follows her pipe and her nose—she looks neither to the right nor to the left, and seems intent on preserving her one instinct of "making a good bargain." She cheapens fish, six good-sized ones for a fip, and obtains a bonus of two more, "jist for custom." Poor thing, whilst she speculates in *small*, in her ignorance she believes that conscience should take cognizance only of large "respectable sins."

The markets have now abated as low as one would think were worth the *while* of producers and suppliers; yet not one whit has abated the spirit of haggling and cheapening amongst a certain class of buyers; and though no longer in any sense necessary, there are many who seem to cherish the practice as a characteristic trait.

We know that in this, as in some other of our large cities, females of the first respectability occasionally attend the markets. And many such we meet, who having dispatched their purchases are returning with an animated step, as if a disagreeable duty were well gotten over; but others, even youthful ones, linger and lounge, and make this place, even the shambles as it were, the theatre in which to display finery, and to sport affectation. One, with more airs than gentility, is smelling at butter, and rejecting it because the price is a cent or two more than she likes, with the expres-

sion, "horrid stuff," "I am sure I couldn't swallow that," &c. Follow her a few paces, and you shall see her choose some of inferior quality, at inferior price. Whilst the meanness of the manoeuvre is known only to herself she is not ashamed of it; and like the other, she dreams not of sin in making a bargain at market.

How many different tempers shall you see in those occupying the stands—some pleasing and attractive by their good humor and obliging amenity—others morose and affrontive, allowing no inspection or facility to buyers, and creating the very failure which their discontent deplores.

But we pass out of the market, and meet a trig, lively mulatto girl. She carries three several bundles of clothes, not small ones either, which she has collected from her employers, and is taking home to wash. Her cheerful, happy spirit, communicates to our feelings, and helps to dissipate the umbrage of discontent that for some hours has lowered above us; and the admonition is seasonable, advising that our forecastings and apprehensions are both foolish and sinful.

But the next passenger would be not so profitable to us. She descends the steps of a splendid mansion, a structure of size where salubrity, convenience, and elegance are united. She is possessed of much to satisfy and to delight; yet such seems not to have been the effect. Her carriage awaits her this fine morning for a ride. Her step is irresolute and discontented—her brow, though she is young, say of twenty-five years, is anxious, severe, and distrustful. She is the wife of an indulgent husband. He is rich, prudent, and respectable. She "feels the spleen of too much ease."

And now we meet three pretty children, so neatly dressed, of so spirited yet so proper deportment, so intelligent looking, and altogether of so agreeable impression, that we are impelled to inquire who they belong to. We warrant to some parent who looks closely to them, rendering them happy in themselves and acceptable to others. Our view, though transient, gives conviction of many conformities not here presented. Yes, they are the children of *English* parents; and our delight is dashed by the regret that where we meet with one family of American children equally well trained with those of average English families, we find twenty that are *not*. These boys will not contradict or disoblige their parents, or make separate decisions, until they have a separate home. And the daughter, also, will never assume the rule, or mistake her mother's house for her own, as *some* do—the mother being most blameworthy in the matter.

And here we meet a boy ten years of age, who has had no training at all. As he runs along the pavement, he draws a heavy stick along, scoring the open bars of a fence, and gives no heed to the gentleman in the broad-brimmed hat, a few paces behind him, who says, "Thee should *not* do that." Pity the abuse is not penal to the most summary hand.

Now we come to an open square. The female who is taking the *diagonal* of it (though she loves not obliquities) is a New Englander, most probably from Con-

necticut. She sees no good reason why she should not "save time," and make her walk as direct as "is consistent" this warm morning. The *quin cunx* couldn't confound her; for she would "argue" that what was oblique to one point, was direct to another; and she would "calculate" that she was the best judge of her own course. But behold a pageant. It is a keel-boat some eighteen or twenty feet long, nicely painted. It is on wheels, and a couple of draft horses are taking it to the river; and amongst the juvenile mob attendant, it takes no conjuror to point out the "captain," yes, "and owner of that sloop." He is about fifteen years of age. His own money, that he earned by working, paid for this boat, and he is now going to have a "launch," and to "name her"—perhaps the "Belorophon," or the "Great Western," the "Hippopotamus," or the "Leviathan"—any how, the name will be *large enough*. Who can deny an interchanging glance of sympathy to the ingenuous boy, who is so happy, especially as he is trying with all his might to look humble. He intends, for a small compensation, to ply coastwise, taking small freights, east and west in the city—a sort of "carrying trade." If he continues to effect as much according to his years, he will, soon after his minority, become a citizen of weight.

And here we meet another youth of about the same age; but he has had better opportunities and gentler breeding. He is now on his way from the high school, where he has made good proficiency in his continuous education for many years. He carries a portfolio under his arm; and be it known that, though he never neglects any of his studies, yet, between times, he indulges himself in his *penchant*, which is for *drafting*. He is especially good at the human face, *en grotesque*, and in the varieties of caricature. He will one day—if he follows his bent—be our American Cruikshank.

But we must slacken our pace a little, or we shall overtake those fashionables before us. The ladies seem to be intent on their subject. No doubt it is a fine one, as we catch now and then an exclamation or a cadence. Perhaps it is, as Goldsmith has it, "all about Shakespeare and the musical glasses." Yet they are not entirely absorbed in their subject; for gentle vascillations of the head, and certain spreadings back of the hands, indicate a sort of irrepressible sense of dress and its gratifications; and, indeed, they are in high mode—so much so, that they remind us of the little girl who, recounting the wonders of the menagerie, said, in describing the dromedary, that she had seen "one great thing that wa'nt level nowhere." Our elegantes have the fashionable "partridge pace," too. We are loth to take the way of them, but indeed we must not conform to their amble any longer; and now we pass—but dear me! they are colored ladies!

Anon we meet with a citizen, whose property (sufficiently apparent) would be with many a pretense of superiority and personal airs. But not accounting his possessions as part of himself, he is affable, grave, and considerate. Just now he is under some affliction, and his fellow citizens sympathize with him, which is not

always the case towards a very rich man. But by good sense and modesty, he claims an involuntary respect, where many of his *weight* command only a constrained one. Not so with him of the sliding, sinuous step. "*Riches*" is written and re-written in every turn and lineament, as it is in the very core of his heart. Under his present perversion, he could not be made to comprehend that a man without property possesses the same natural rights as a rich one. But let him pass—the punishment is his own.

And who is that female with the earnest, meek face? She is accompanied by two or three humble looking little girls, who take turns in helping her along with the several heavy baskets which she carries, filled with fruit, from the market. Her dress, though neat, is of the plainest and coarsest, and entirely of black. We understand now, she is one of the "Sisters of Charity," and assists in the *Asylum*, where these orphans are reared. It is a Catholic institution. They receive forlorn children from any community; but upon the condition of educating them Catholics. We must pause to tell what we know of these "Sisters." They are interesting in their exact adherence to the vocation they have assumed, upon a plan of entire disinterestedness. They avow poverty and celibacy, and devote themselves to the alleviation of human suffering. In seasons of epidemic, they flinch not, but may be found early and late in the chambers of contagion, at the bedside of the sick and dying, demanding no price for services which are priceless—looking to the time when their Lord and Master "will account to them." Fame, with her trumpet, could not sound a note worthy of their pure goodness.

And now we see a fair young girl who looks so amiable and pretty, that we should contemplate her with great pleasure, but for the preposterousness of her dress, which is unsuited both to her condition and her age, as it also is to the time of day and her errand. She has no property whatever. Her dress is, not very judiciously, supplied by a distant relative, who is not able to make permanent provision for her. She is as yet hardly beyond the age of a school girl, and it is about nine o'clock that she has sallied forth this morning. She is dressed in a gown of rich silk—her bonnet is loaded with artificials and an expensive veil—she wears shoes of a light color, and silk stockings—she has *forgotten her gloves*, and on her arm she carries an open tin kettle containing a few cents' worth of yeast! Perhaps she may be advised by a well-wisher, that there is neither propriety nor gentility in these arrangements, and that she were really more attractive as well as more respectable in a plainer and less expensive dress. We also beg our reader to forgive the particularity of the detail, and believe it has not been done for gossip's sake; and that though *they* may not demand comment, there are many who do.

And now having got home, we would fain impart the cheerful hilarity which our long walk in the open air has effected; and especially would we commend to them the plan of deductions which we derive from a

chance view of the many and the various. Of those we met, almost all who were most felicitously situated seemed least satisfied; whilst those who really had some oppression of care, or were laboring under insufficiency of means, in the effort which they made to better themselves, evolved a spirit of contentment. They unfolded, perhaps, a talent, or expanded a hope, or exercised an ability, or some how or other consoled, and cheered, and elevated the tone and temper of their being. We now speak of such as were *employed*—being all that we can take into the account. Let us never forget that the idle person, efficiently speaking, is *nobody*. Of the rest, too, we infer that it is not always those who are most amply endowed with the means of indulgence who are most happy; for external things minister only to the senses—whilst humility is more probable to deprivation than to fullness—and its satisfactions, indicating a degree of grace, are best suited to the deeper wants of our nature. And looking abroad again, let all join in the hymn of thanksgiving that their lot is cast in a land of unexhausted—of almost inexhaustible resources; and that however hard the times may be said to be, they are only so by comparison; and even for this the antidote might be found by consulting the nature of the disease. Let us know that however political *vetoes* may interfere with *luxuries*, nothing but indolence and individual sloth can deprive us of *comfort* and *plenty*.

B.

THE DISEMBODIED SPIRIT.

O, SACRED star of evening! tell,
In what unseen, celestial sphere,
Those spirits of the perfect dwell,
Too pure to rest in sadness here.

Roam they the crystal fields of light,
O'er paths alone by angels trod;
Their robes with heavenly lustre bright,
Their home the paradise of God.

Soul of the just! and canst thou soar
Amidst those radiant spheres sublime,
Where countless hosts of heaven adore,
Through the unbounded fields of time.

And canst thou join the sacred choir,
Through heaven's high dome the song to raise,
Where seraphs strike the golden lyre,
In everduring notes of praise?

O, who would heed the chilling blast,
That blows o'er time's eventful sea,
If doomed to hail, its perils past,
The bright wave of eternity.

And who the sorrows would not bear,
Of such a transient world as this,
When hope displays, beyond its care,
So bright an entrance into bliss!

Original.
FASHION.

BY ALFRED M. LORRAINE.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN MARIA AND HER PASTOR.

Maria. Pray, Mr. M——, what did you think of the sermon yesterday? Did ever a minister of God before descend to such small things? I declare, it seemed to me more like rumaging a chest of drawers, or taking an inventory of a lady's toilet, than preaching the pure Gospel of salvation. Surely *you* cannot approve of such unprofitable preaching.

Mr. M. I could not disapprove of the discourse, *Maria*, without implicating the character of one of the most sublime and dignified ministers of God that ever lived; and in so doing, I should indirectly question the wisdom of the Almighty, by whom he was inspired.

Maria. Inspired!

Mr. M. Yes. He tells us that in the year that King Uzziah died, he saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple. And one cherubim cried to another, and said, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory! And the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke." And while the prophet was entranced in the visions of heaven, overwhelmed and confounded by excess of light, the Lord said to him, "Go and tell this people." We may form some judgment of the instructions given him by the message which he delivered. He preached about many important things. With holy boldness he reprov'd the national licentiousness of Isreal, the judicial corruption that prevailed, the unblushing wickedness in high places, that was eating like a canker. But in tracing this flood of ungodliness to its source, he faithfully exposed the seemingly insignificant, but dangerous springs which originated and continued to swell the ruinous stream. The fashionable extravagance and pride of the female community was not overlooked. "Moreover the Lord saith, (mark, not Isaiah,) Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet: therefore the Lord will smite with a scab the crown of the head of the daughters of Zion. * * * In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon, the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets and ornaments, the headbands, and the tablets, and the ear-rings, and nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the whimpers, and the crisping pins, the glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the vails. * * * And her gates shall lament and mourn: and she being desolate shall sit on the ground." So was captive Judea personified in the triumphal arch of Titus, at the gate of Rome, in tattered garb, with disheveled hair, and downcast eye, displumed of all her majesty and *sitting on the ground*.

Maria. Doubtless the Jewish females were sinfully

extravagant. We know this is forbidden in the Scriptures. And I blame our preacher particularly for departing so far from his text, "costly apparel," as to meddle with the fashions. If our dress is not costly, it is as cheap to be in the fashion as out of it.

Mr. M. My dear child, you have yet to learn that there are some words which, in their Scriptural or theological sense, comprehend much more than is implied by them in common parlance. The costliness of fashion is not to be always computed in dollars and cents. The fashions consume much time. Time is more precious than money. What is our probation in comparison with the boundless eternity for which we should prepare? Not as much as the drop when compared with the ocean. The ocean is made up of drops; and although an angel's mind might not be able to cast the mighty sum, yet by an analogical train of reasoning we safely assume the fact. If only one drop of water should be annihilated annually, without its place being supplied by the grand laboratory of nature, a period would come when the mighty reservoir of the sea would be drained. But suppose a million of years were smitten from eternity, what vacuum would it make? We might well smile at the simplicity of the question; for eternity is a state that can neither be added to nor taken from. But remember that three-score years and ten is the outward post of human life. All who wander beyond this must suffer a reduction of all the earthly enjoyments of sentient beings. The great majority of mankind sink into eternity before this point of probation is attained. One-third of our lives is necessarily devoted to sleep—a state of unconscious existence. More than half of the residue of our time is claimed by the temporal, but necessary avocations of life. And when we come to sum up the hours which may be exclusively devoted to mental and moral improvement, we are constrained to exclaim,

"A point of time! a moment's space!"

And shall those priceless hours, which might be rescued from our crumbling probation, and made to subserve our immortal interests, be sacrificed at the shrine of fashion, and an immortal spirit stand by and question the cost?

Again. Fashionable dress is costly, because you cannot indulge in it without destroying a robe of inestimable worth—"the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." No devotee of fashion ever has been or ever will be of a sweet and amiable temper. I do not say he may not look pleasant. It may be a part of the fashion

"To carry smiles and sunshine in the face,
While discontent sits heavy in the heart."

Col. Gardner says, that when he was leading the fashions in all the taste and elegance of his day, he was frequently complimented on the score of his happy temper. Once, in a large and gay company, one said, "I wish I was Gardner, that I might always be happy." "At that moment," said the Colonel, "a buoyant spaniel came romping into the room. I fixed my eyes on the happy brute, and wished, from the bottom of my heart, that God had made me that little dog." Yes,

the fashionable may smile; but a small blunder of the milliner, a nice dereliction of the tailor, a slight shower of rain, or the splashing of a car, will totally rout all the natural and acquired graces of the mind, and leave not, even in the professor of religion, the least semblance of a meek and quiet spirit. O, how costly!

Maria. I never could see how there could be any religion in dress. I have always been taught that religion has its seat in the heart.

Mr. M. Well, Maria, you can certainly comprehend that there is piety—there is religion in pleasing God.

Maria. O, yes, I believe that a single desire to please God in all things is the very essence of pure religion.

Mr. M. We may please God in this very thing. He has taught us by his prophets and apostles what is displeasing in dress. He has, moreover, declared what is the best ornament of humanity—"a meek and quiet spirit." This is utterly incompatible with the fashions of the world. The fashions of the world pass away—are transitory—corruptible. Where is the splendid wardrobe of Solomon?—splendid in the estimation of men. Our Lord preferred the modest lily of the valley, that lovely, retiring symbol of Christian meekness. Where is the glittering toilet of the Queen of the South? Where the dazzling robes, and hoods, and mantles, and tires; the gilded barge, the silken sails, the silver oars, the ambrosial perfumes and music of the adored Cleopatra? We do not ask how long they survived their short-lived owners—how long they were reserved in the museum of fashion, to feast the pride of life and the desire of the eye. Certain it is they have long since retired to their pristine dust—they have faded away. But a meek and quiet spirit is that which is incorruptible—is that which will accompany us beyond the grave. The rolling periods of eternity will heighten its lustre. And when all the toys of earth shall be forgotten, its celestial polish shall sparkle with the reflections of Deity, and gladden the hearts of his saints.

Again, the fashions of this world can only command the admiration of men—the most inconsiderate of men; for the whole trumpery, as well as the vocabulary of fops, and dandies, and coquets,

"Can only make a wise man mad."

But the Christian's ornament, "a meek and quiet spirit," is of heavenly texture—invisible to man, and its presence suspected only by the divine temperament that imbues the words and works of him who is happily embraced in its tender folds. It is "the hidden man of the heart." It is a rarity, so transcendantly excellent above all we can think, a jewel so bland, so peerless, that it is reserved exclusively for the vision of God, of angels, and glorified spirits. Yea, in the cloudless glory of its full development, it enters into the immaculate banquet of the Almighty. It is in the sight of God of great price! O, if you still have a predilection for costly apparel, wear, I beseech you, this garment of salvation! Yes, this, in the highest sense of the word, is costly apparel. It cost the sacrifice of the Son of God—the ceaseless operations of the Holy Spirit—the

toil, and sweat, and blood of ministers and holy martyrs—the tears, the prayers, the anguish, and penitence of the repentant sinner. O, it is a costly garment!

Maria. True, it is a very desirable accomplishment.

Mr. M. Then, Maria, judge you, in singleness of heart, which you should prefer, the gaudy fashion of this world, which will demur at the grave's mouth, and of all her laughing and sober train, will delegate only the hateful shroud and napkin to accompany your body to its lonesome cell, or the meekness of saints which will envelop thy houseless spirit amid the gloom and damps of death's dark vale, and be a covering of glory to you in the day of the Lord Jesus.

Maria. Why may I not choose both? May not my heart be rightly exercised toward God, while I enjoy in common with my gay compeers the fashionable accomplishments and amusements of life?

Mr. M. You remind me of the foolishness of childhood—of days long since passed. When my pious mother would return from her social visits, she would hold up her hands—O, she seems to stand before me now, in all her maternal charms, while the finest cords of my heart are vibrating back to memory's earliest date, through years and scenes which I had deemed forgotten—yes, she would hold up her hands with perhaps an apple in one, and a piece of cake in the other, and say, "Run my child, my boy, and tell me which of these you will take." I would bound forward with all the vivacity of boyhood, and clasping both hands, would exclaim, "O, ma! I will have both!" But she would frown on my cupidity, reprove my selfishness, and tell me how unjust it would be in her to wrong my brothers of their share. You cannot love God and the world. The irreligious themselves believe that you cannot. It is true, they will talk of enthusiasm and superstition, and will say, "O it is a small thing." But when you launch with them into their gayety and merriment, they will laugh "in the sleeve" at your simplicity, despise your flexibility, and feast their self-complacency with the circumstance (poor circumstance) that while they share with you the hilarity of the world, they are guiltless of your hypocrisy. I once had frequent conversations with a lady in the south on this subject. She could see no inconsistency at all in pious persons following the fashions and amusements of the day. On retiring once from a splendid ball, she asked me if Mrs. G. was not a professor of religion. I told her she was, and very pious.

"I have no confidence in her at all," said she.

"Why?"

"Because she made her appearance in the ball-room last night in great style."

"Did she dance?"

"No; but she seemed to be as highly gratified with the performance as any one present."

"But is it not a part of your faith that Christians may attend those innocent amusements?"

She smiled, and blushing deeply, replied, "I know that I did so argue, and was then persuaded that my position was correct; but when I saw Mrs. G. come

into the ball-room, a chill ran through my very soul. It will not do. Where a person's treasure is, there will the heart be also." To place the subject before you in another light, Maria, let me ask whether it is best to please God or man?

Maria. To please God rather than man, is as reasonable as "to obey God rather than man." The apostles have decided it. But, sir, such preaching is not condemned by the world only, but disapproved by many professors.

Mr. M. True. It is highly probable that the daughters of Zion accused Isaiah of unmannerly interference with their stomachers, and crimping pins, and curling tongs; but God had said, "Speak to this people." He had to speak whether they would hear, or whether they would forbear. And even then there was a remnant according to promise, who, like Anna the prophetess, and the youthful Mary of a later age, were looking for redemption in Israel. Those who would not hear, continued their frolic; but it ended in "a girding of sackcloth, and burning instead of beauty." We also have to speak, although the world may deride and fight manfully for their household gods; and those whose duty it is to pray for us may swell the uproar of an unrighteous nation, yet we will find a traveler here and there, who

"Will trample on your whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A city in the skies."

Original.

THE EVENING HOUR.

BY MRS. S. C. M'CABE.

"The few we liked—the one we loved—
A sacred band—come stealing on,
And many a form far hence removed,
And many a pleasure gone."

THE mind given to reflection finds this hour peculiarly interesting. Amidst the tumult of the world, and its numberless engrossments, there is little opportunity to enter the recesses of one's own heart. But when day, with its intrusive cares, is succeeded by the quiet and beauty of a cloudless evening, the hallowed influences of such an hour dispose the mind to pensive thought and profitable meditation.

There is a refreshing sweetness in the morning breeze, a beauty in the glittering dew drops. Every leaf and flower bespeak a Creator, and the rising sun, in its glorious resplendency, loudly calls on man to glorify his works. Yea, we can learn a lesson from almost every hour, season, and circumstance of life; but there is no season, or scene, more impressive than the hour of departing day, when yonder orb of light is gently sinking in the west—when his last fading gleam upon the mountain is succeeded by the deeper shades of solemn twilight, and the pale moon, floating through "trackless ether," with her attendant train of glittering stars, sheds her mild radiance upon the world below. Sacred be this hour to memory and friendship! With

2

it are associated the bright visions of earlier years, that tell of joys for ever fled, indelibly traced upon the record of remembrance, and are like the "calm melody of distant music, sweet and mournful to the soul." Who hath not learned from the book of experience, that this is a world of mutation, in which there is no "certainty, or stable hope?" The page of retrospection unfolds this truth, and at an hour like this, it thrills through the soul, as the deep-toned requiem of buried enjoyment.

That silver orb, with "crescent bright," remains unchanged by the revolutions of years. When in the pleasing trance of childhood, in my native isle, beyond the blue sea, she shone upon me with the same serene splendor. But where are those with whom I shared the sweet, yet simple pleasures of childhood—gathered wild flowers, watched the warbling brook, and listened to the song of birds. Ah! we are far distant from each other—they and I are changed; and the vicissitudes that have marked our destiny are felt at an hour like this. And many associates of my youth, who, in the calm still evening, gazed upon the grandeur of the concave heavens with an eye to admire, and a heart to adore, are now sleeping with the "clouds of the valley sweet about them," having been prematurely cut off, as the garden flower by an untimely frost. Truly, "all flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand for ever," Isaiah xi, 6, 8.

Where is the being so constituted, but will sometimes "recur in melancholy recollections to the past?" Doubtless the eye that may rest upon these lines has seen the cypress wreath of death entwined around the brow of some much loved friend—perhaps a brother, a sister, or child—perhaps a father—perchance a mother, she who watched, and wept, and prayed over the pillow of infancy, and strewed the path of her child with blessings—she whose virtues sweeten her remembrance—hath been shrouded in the drapery of death, and the moonbeams fall upon the turf that covers her. There, amidst the dwellings of the dead, may be learned the emptiness of earth, and the meteor-like nature of all its pleasures.

"Then, since this world is vain,
And volatile, and fleet,"

at this sacred hour may the soul emerge from the gloom and darkness of earth, and with a flight peculiar to her nature, soar on contemplation's wings to heaven, where the pure spirits of the *blest* drink from the crystal fount that issues from the throne of God.

If St. Paul were again to appear on earth, since all the multifarious denominations of Christians would claim him, which would he choose? The apostle himself shall answer: "Pure religion, and undefiled before God, and the Father, is this, to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

Original.

ON PRAYER.

AMONGST the youthful converts who have not, from their cradles upward, been in the habit of *prayer*, and who may now have arrived at the important moment when a saving grace is dawning on their souls, it may not be improper to suggest some hints and rules upon the method and conduct of this ordinance. I am aware that where the development of the spirit has become complete, that, in its divine fervency, it is a law to itself, and needs not furtherance from human instruction. But I have had occasion often to see the young neophyte, when called upon to pray in public, or even to bless the table, become confused and distressed for the manner of a performance, when there was no reluctance existing, but more than readiness in the will.

And, first, for private prayer (and that shall also be the tuition for other occasions) the evangelist has himself said, "Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door"—which I would infer to imply not outward retirement only, and the shutting away of external objects, but also, in deeper and spiritual sense, the putting away of worldly ideas, that entire concentration of the faculties, that sequestration of the soul and the heart, which shall be a meet preparation for the solemn and august performance designed—an interchange of spirit and a communion with God! If these rules be obeyed in trueness and humility, it will follow, of course, that the prayer and the *prayer* both will be sufficiently impressive and impressed; and that no listlessness or inadequacy will ensue, and the supplicant being made up, will perceive and know that she is praying.

For the matter and arrangement of prayer, we would quote the instructions as given by the pious and excellent Hannah More. She divides the heads of prayer, and points out the order in which they most properly and also naturally occur. In the first clause, having previously contemplated the subject, and gained "as clear an idea as their (the supplicants) capacities, and the nature of the subject will admit," of what God is, and of the properties of his being, she goes on to observe, that "his omnipresence is, perhaps, of all his attributes, that of which we make (in prayer) the first practical use." Therefore, will *adoration* be the first topic, as the necessity and the belief that he is the "rewarder of all them that diligently seek him," will suggest the second head of *self-dedication*. And as they know that they want help always and for ever, the *petition* will next claim a considerable space—divine grace being the one influence most needed—the gift including other gifts. And as in asking, (Miss M. goes on to observe,) the ingenuous mind will readily see the propriety of *confession*, so also will that suggest *thanksgiving* for mercies received, and for sins forgiven. And here she cautions the supplicant, that "this clause be not left vague and general, but that she confess her own peculiar and individual faults." And being now awakened to a softness, the gift already coming down, "disposes her to include her parents and friends in the *intercession* which naturally follows." This is Miss

More's classification; and she adds, "These distinct heads, say of *adoration*, *self-dedication*, *petition*, *confession*, *thanksgiving*, and *intercession*, should not be involved in each other." She adds, further, "It will hardly be needful to say that *every* request be presented in the name of the great Mediator; for there is no access to the throne of grace but by that 'new and living way.'"

These simple and exceedingly clear instructions may be, as they no doubt often have been, the means of affording to the youthful supplicant an easier and more self-intelligible method of prayer—valuable not more for the facility afforded than for the assurance which they impart, in the doing away of that strangeness and sense of abstraction which is always, to the pious novice, more or less a hindrance in the course of faith, and its expression.

It will be understood by all who, if they have never prayed, (if such exist in our land,) have yet *reflected*, that we need not resort to our prayers whilst there remains upon us any impression of anger and hostility towards one of God's creatures; for hath he not said that himself will adjudge betwixt us and our neighbor? And with what tongue shall we *ask* for mercy whilst we are *denying* it? To such a disposition not only the justice but the holiness of God is opposed. Such a spirit scares away the *Holy Spirit*! Neither shall the Intercessor, the meek and lowly Jesus, dare to present a prayer from so impure a source, steeped, as it were, in human defiance, from one of the denounced, as *yet* in the "bond of iniquity, in the gall of bitterness."

That there should be a preparation to prayer, and the casting away of other sins than this, need hardly be suggested. And here I would recommend at large to the reader, the works of Miss More, as a guide in a religious walk and life. It is well known that her own life and experience suggested the hints for her "Practical Piety," and her "Religious Strictures." Her doctrines are evangelical, and insisted on with a plainness and common sense not always set forth even by the preacher. Indeed, she is herself, in best sense, a preacher; and though she loves not to cavil, yet is she not tender of the unfaithful teacher. The retribution that he would hide away, or mystify, that she unveils, and him she denounces—not in her own words, but "by authority." As she is a very attractive writer on a variety of subjects, it were well that every parent, with a family about her, make it a point to have her volumes at hand; and the young readers, going from article to article, selecting first and gleaning afterwards, becoming acquainted with her style, and gathering interest as they gain, will, by and by, self-impelled, desire to partake of her best and highest thoughts and advices; and so may they with her counsels imbibe also of her *strength* and her *piety*! The Book of all books of course will be resorted to by the seeker. Without it, what were her condition? She were as a navigator of an unknown sea, where, though the natural eye discerns the *lode star*, yet, without chart and compass—the *divine science* of the book—could she ever hope to reach her *haven*!

B

Original.

THE GREEK CLASSICS.—NO. VII.

BY GEO. WATERMAN, JR.

THE GRECIAN DRAMA—TRAGIC WRITERS—ÆSCHYLUS—SOPHOCLES—EURIPIDES.

WE have now arrived at a point in the history of the classic writers of Greece which demands some change in the manner of treating the subject. Thus far we have endeavored to give a sketch of the most prominent of these authors in their chronological order, without particular reference to the different departments of literature to which they devoted themselves. As, however, from this period onward writers multiply greatly, and literature becomes more systematically divided, we shall endeavor to present each particular department, with its chief writers, separately, and not regarding the order of time as heretofore. Under this new arrangement the first general subject which we shall introduce to our readers is

THE DRAMA.

The drama has its origin, in almost all nations, in that love of scenic representations which seems to constitute a part of man's nature. It is not borrowed by one people from another; but is most generally the invention of each nation among whom it is found. Such was the case with the Greeks, the Etruscans, the East Indians, the Chinese, the Peruvians, and the Polynesians; for all of these have had their drama, although among some of them it has existed in a very rude and unpolished state. Among the Greeks its origin must be traced back to the earliest period of their religion; for its parent was a god, and its celebration a religious rite. At the festival of Bacchus, one part of the exercises consisted in a company of singers chanting lengthy pieces of poetry in honor of the deity whom they were worshipping. Thespis, who flourished about the year 536, B. C., in order to relieve the monotony of this performance, and impart additional interest and vivacity to the scene, introduced a speaker between the different parts of the chorus, who should relate some interesting narrative, generally of a heroic character. Phrynichus, the successor and pupil of Thespis, carried this improvement still farther, by enlarging the narrative part, and restricting the chorus. But to Æschylus was reserved the great business of forming, from these slender materials, the splendor of the Grecian tragedy. Under his molding hand the chorus—which, as we have seen, was originally the foundation of the whole—became a secondary matter, and preserved only to give additional interest and beauty to the narrative part of the drama. By the introduction of a second, and sometimes a third actor upon the stage, he gave to the different parts all the energy and vivacity of the dialogue. To these he added scenic representations from the pencils of the most celebrated artists of his day, and frequently extensive machinery, where the piece required such representations as could not be given upon canvass. Sophocles and Euripides followed him in the work of improvement. Under their guidance, tragedy reached

the acme of its glory, as exhibited upon the Grecian stage.

The Grecian theatres were constructed nearly in the shape of a horse-shoe, and were entirely open at the top. They were sometimes so large as to contain 20,000 people. "The beautiful situation occupied by the remains of many of the ancient theatres, justifies the supposition that they were studiously placed so as to command, and to incorporate with their own architectural features, the finest objects of the adjacent country. The majestic mountains and luxuriant plains, the groves and gardens, the land-locked and open sea, in the neighborhood of many of the principal cities of Greece, presented the finest materials which taste could suggest or desire for such combinations." The theatre of Taurominium, in Sicily, was so placed that the audience had a fine view of Ætna in the background of the distance. That of Athens comprehended the various declivities of Mount Hymettus, and overlooked the Saronic Gulf, and the Piræus with its three ports. Above it towered the Acropolis crowned by the majestic Parthenon.

The seats in the theatre were arranged in a circular form, and rising one above another. The lower ones were reserved for the public officers and persons of the highest rank, the middle ones for the common people, and the upper ones for females. These last were not permitted to attend the representation of comedies, and they seldom attended any of the dramatic performances.

What is termed in modern theatres "the pit," was called the orchestra, and was occupied by the chorus. In the centre of the orchestra, and on a level with the stage, was the sacred altar, upon which sacrifices were always offered before the tragic contests commenced. All the performances occurred in the day-time, and could only be witnessed in pleasant weather.

The character of dramatic writings among the Greeks was in many respects very different from similar compositions among us. The "unities" of time, place, and action, especially the last two, were regarded as indispensable in every play. "The privacy in which the Greek women lived forbade the representation of the interior apartments of houses, and thus excluded from the ancient drama those scenes of amatory intrigue which supply the modern stage with so much dangerous and very pernicious excitement." From a similar reason, no female was ever permitted to appear upon the Grecian stage. Whenever a female character was introduced in any piece, it was always personated by a man.

The influence of the chorus was very great. The choral songs formed, in their subject, an impressive comment upon the subject of the drama—giving utterance, in sage and solemn strains, to the moral or religious sentiments, or to the patriotic emotions which it was supposed the passing scene ought to inspire in the breast of the spectator.

It has been said, in allusion to the lofty style and lyrical inspiration of these compositions, "that if, in ancient tragedy, the performers spoke the language of

heroes and kings, they spoke, in the choruses, the language of the gods."

The moral character of the Grecian drama was of a much higher order than that of more modern date. As an illustration of this fact, it is sufficient to state, that an attempt was recently made to introduce some of the Grecian plays upon the German stage, but failed, because their moral character was too elevated for the modern devotees of this pernicious amusement.

We have deemed thus much necessary to a more perfect understanding of the writings of those whose history we shall now attempt to sketch.

ÆSCHYLUS.

Æschylus, justly styled the father of Grecian tragedy, was a native of Eleusis, in Attica, and born in the year 525, B. C. His father, whose name was Euphoriion, was a man of noble birth, and highly distinguished among his fellow countrymen. From this fact, it is highly probable that the youthful Æschylus received such mental cultivation as was adapted to fit him for the conspicuous part in the history of his country which he afterwards was called upon to act. His attention seems to have been early directed to literature, and especially to that of the dramatic character. A fable is related of him, that having fallen asleep while watching the clusters of grapes in a vineyard, Bacchus appeared to him, and bade him turn his attention to tragic composition. At the age of twenty-five, he made his first appearance as a tragic author, and commenced that literary career which has placed him one of the most brilliant stars in the constellation of Grecian intellect. His whole mental powers were devoted to the improvement of the drama. Receiving it in its infant state from his predecessors, he labored hard and successfully to elevate it to a high rank among the most refined moral and improving amusements of his country. He is said to have written no less than seventy dramas, of which five were satiric, and the remainder tragic. Of these, however, only seven are now extant. In the dramatic contests he was a victor thirteen times.

Æschylus was also a soldier as well as poet. He lived at a time when military glory was most highly esteemed. It was during his life-time that the celebrated expeditions of Darius and Xerxes against the liberties of his country were undertaken. (See Repository, January, 1842.) In the struggles of his countrymen, he bore a conspicuous part. He was in the celebrated battle of Marathon, and, with his two brothers, Cynægirus and Aminias, was graced with the praises due to pre-eminent bravery. This battle occurred in the thirty-fifth year of his age. Four years afterwards, he was engaged with his brother Aminias in the naval battle of Salamis, in which the Persian forces were completely defeated. In the following year, we find him among the Athenian troops at Platea, where the last battle between the remains of the army of Xerxes and the Grecians was fought, and in which the Persian general, Mardonius, was slain, together with more than 200,000 of the forces under his command.

Such scenes were highly calculated to inspire in the

breast of Æschylus those sentiments of high and noble daring which abound in his works. He could with difficulty descend to a description of men and things of common life. Hence, gods and heroes form the principal character in most of his compositions.

The early part of his life was spent in honor. But like most others he met with reverses at last. Towards the latter part of his life he was charged with having violated, in some of his pieces, the secrets of the Eleusinian mysteries. The highly superstitious, although cultivated Athenians, would have banished him immediately, had not his brother Aminias appeared in the council, and removing his robe, exhibited the stump of his own arm, which he had lost at Salamis, and in this way interceded for his brother. An appeal so touching—an act manifesting such fraternal affection and presence of mind, had the desired effect on the quick and impulsive temper of the Athenians, and Æschylus was pardoned. This treatment, however, together with the victory in an elegiac contest gained over him by Simonides, and the increasing popularity of his young rival, Sophocles, determined him to leave Athens. He afterwards took up his residence at the court of Hiero, in Sicily. Here he died at the age of sixty-nine, and was buried with great honors by his royal patron. Upon his tomb the following epitaph (written by himself before his death) was inscribed: "This tomb covers the remains of Æschylus, the Athenian, the son of Euphoriion, who died at Gelas, fertile in corn. The glades of Marathon would attest his distinguished valor, and the long haired Mede who proved it."

SOPHOCLES.

Sophocles was born at Colonus, a village a little more than a mile distant from Athens, in the year 495, B. C.; consequently, he was thirty years younger than Æschylus, and, as we shall see, fifteen older than Euripides, both of whom he survived—the latter, however, only a few months. Sophocles was early instructed in all the wisdom and accomplishments of the age in which he lived. Born of wealthy parents, of great personal beauty, possessing a mind of most excellent natural talents, and a soul full of generous feelings, it is not surprising that he was the idol of friends, and the pride and boast of his admiring countrymen. At the age of sixteen he was selected, on account of his extraordinary talents and beauty, to lead the dance, and, as was the custom of those times, to play on the lyre before the chorus of youths who performed a pæan around the trophy erected in honor of the Salaminian victory. At the age of twenty-five, he entered the poetical arena, and, before a tribunal of his fellow citizens, exhibiting his maiden drama, was proclaimed first victor. From that time onward, during a period of sixty-three years, he devoted himself to his favorite pursuit. During this period he is said to have written no less than 117 tragedies. All of these but seven have perished in the general wreck of ancient literature.

In his poetical contests twenty times he obtained the first prize. Still more frequently he obtained the second, but never sank to the third. "Such a continua-

tion of poetic exertion and triumph is the more remarkable from the circumstance that the powers of Sophocles, so far from being dulled and exhausted by these multitudinous efforts, seem to have contracted nothing from labor and age, save a mellower tone, a more touching pathos, a more sweet and gentle character of thought and expression."

His life was not entirely devoted to the service of the Muses. In his fifty-seventh year, he was one of the generals of the Athenian army, having Pericles and Ehucydides as colleagues. His military talents seem not to have been of a very high order, or at least not to have imparted additional lustre to his dramatic fame. He served the state also in other ways. His end was calm and peaceful, without sickness or protracted pain. He lived to the advanced age of ninety.

As a writer he was one of the most remarkable of his age. He was eminently a moral poet, although in his early life he seems to have been intemperately devoted to pleasure. Judging from his works which remain, he was the most finished writer of the three great tragic authors of Greece. Two of his tragedies—the *Œdipus Tyrannus* and the *Antigone*—doubtless surpass every thing of a similar character, either ancient or modern—the one excelling in the skill and arrangement of the incidents of the plot—the other in the tenderness and pathos with which it abounds. (Those who desire a more extended sketch of this poet we must refer to Prof. Anthon's *Classical Dictionary*, *Art. Sophocles*, or to the last *Edinburgh edition of Potter's Grecian Antiquities*.)

EURIPIDES.

When the Athenians were in daily expectation of an attack upon their city by the forces of Xerxes, they sent away their wives and treasures to the adjacent island of Salamis. Here they remained until after the final defeat of the Persian monarch. It was on this island, and on the very day of the celebrated battle of Salamis, that Euripides was born, B. C., 480. His father's name was Mnesarchus—that of his mother Clito. Some difficulty has arisen in endeavoring to ascertain the rank of his parents. It appears they were persons of considerable opulence. They bestowed upon their son the most expensive education, having employed the most celebrated teachers—such as Anaxagoras, Protagoras, and Prodicus—for his instructors. In early life, we are told, his father made him turn his attention to gymnastic exercises; and that at the age of seventeen he was crowned in the Eleusinian and Thesian contests. He also devoted a part of his time to poetry and painting. Pericles was his fellow pupil under the tuition of Anaxagoras. He was also most intimately acquainted with Socrates, who had previously been a pupil of the same great master. Euripides began his career as a tragic writer at the age of twenty-five. He labored under some disadvantages which his predecessors did not—inasmuch as he had to contend, in the dramatic art, with men who had made that art what it was. Notwithstanding these embarrassments, he arrived at such eminence, that even during his life-

time, when the Athenian fleet was captured off Syracuse, all who could repeat a line of his poetry had their lives spared, and were also set at liberty. Domestic trials, together with some more public mortifications, caused him to abandon Athens, and accept the invitation of Archelaus to take up his residence at the Macedonian court. Here he lived in affluence and ease until the melancholy accident which terminated his life. He was exposed, "either from chance or malice, to the attack of some ferocious hounds, and by them so dreadfully mangled, as to expire soon afterwards, in the fifty-seventh year of his age." He was buried at Pella, with every demonstration of grief and respect. Of his tragedies only eighteen have escaped the destroying hand of time. Of these the *Medea* probably deserves the highest place. The moral character of Euripides is tarnished by many glaring faults. In this respect he is far more exceptionable than either of his predecessors.



From the London Imperial Magazine.

ENDURING AFFECTION.

—
BY REV. J. YOUNG.
—

"Go to thy darling, false one! go!
And gaze enraptur'd on her charms;
Sink on her breast of melting snow,
And court her fond luxuriant arms.

Murmur again the ardent vow,
That mingles hope with fond desire;
Now paint the lover's wish—and now
Behold a woe-worn wife expire,

Who, when her dearest hopes were flown,
And thou wert guilty passion's slave,
Mourn'd o'er thy errors as her own,
And sought to hide them in the grave."

ANON.

—
EVERY country has views peculiar to itself, and every county in our own country has picturesque embellishments exclusively its own; nor are the diversified charms which nature exhibits in her different scenes of awful grandeur, subduing simplicity, or towering sublimity, more various, or greater in number, than the taste of her admirers. There is an evident association, although no rules can be laid down by which to explain it, between the scenery presented, and the temperament of the enamored beholder. The mild and gentle are not fascinated by the wild uproar of the dashing cataract, the bellowing crater, or the fearful ravine; nor are the bold and impetuous transported by the soft and easy landscape, the neat retired villa, or the unvarying summer skies of luscious Italy: and yet, in each there are indescribable emotions, blending with their childhood scenes, and the places of their birth, which never can be erased by the views of any other country.

Allowing these desultory observations to pass for axioms, yet the admission must be made, that there are circumstances which not unfrequently throw a halo of beauty around the most unlovely spots, in our imagin-

ation; or which give to beauty itself an impressing power, such as causes its identity ever to stand before the mind's eye.

I feel the correctness of this admission while I write it. Years have not been able to wear out the impression; nor have scenes, of every grade and form, weakened the sensations which cause my mind to turn mechanically to the period and the spot to which I refer. A gentle draw upon memory suffices to bring the minutæ of my "tale's particulars" into being, or to cause, by a process which philosophy cannot explain, a kind of mental resuscitation of the buried feelings of departed years.

My tale may, indeed, be denominated *trite*; and much do I wish that such a charge were less correct than it is: I should then have the advantage of affording more pleasure, although of a painful kind, and of enjoying myself more gratification, in the conviction that fewer incidents of the same painful character, were in being, than are now known to exist—

———"But what avails were wishes
Good, though they be, kindly expressed,
And felt as powerfully? Like a shadow
To a starving man, or painted fire
To one who freezes, or a limpid stream
On canvass gliding, to one parch'd with thirst—
They seem to mock, and add to misery."

In consequence of a degree of indisposition under which I was laboring, during my visit at a friend's, I was induced to accept the pressing invitation of the gentleman and his charming family, to prolong my stay at his hospitable habitation, beyond the period I had intended. In order to afford me an opportunity of viewing the surrounding country, and, at the same time, advantage my health, he proposed, after we had taken breakfast one morning, a ride on horseback to the parsonage-house of a neat village, a few miles distant. I had before heard of the venerable person who resided there, and felt glad that an opportunity was now offered me to be introduced to his acquaintance. I accordingly expressed my readiness to join my friend in his ride.

It was, perhaps, as cheerful a morning as ever visited our world, since man's "first disobedience" infected universal nature with its moral evil, when

"Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave sign of woe
That all was lost."

The fairy hand of spring had thrown her many colored mantle over creation. The time of the "singing of birds" had fully come; and in many a happy note, from the monotonous chirp of the sparrow, to the lofty song of the mounting sky-bird, were the praises of the glorious Being, who "maketh the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice," poured forth.

A rich diversity of scenery, and variety of conversation, gave to our animal spirits a buoyancy which extended its influence to every part of the system, and produced a frame of mind of the most happy and tranquilized order. My friend's acquaintance with the venerable person we were about to visit, had been of long standing; and his estimations, founded on a knowledge

of his character, were of the most exalted kind: hence he found a pleasure, by which I was happy to profit, in furnishing an interesting and detailed account of him. At every reference made to his views and exhibition of truth, his zeal, humility, his regards and attention to the interests of his flock, and the affectionate respect in which he was held by all who knew him—my anxiety increased to meet him; and, unconsciously, I put my horse into quicker motion, and then, again, reined him in to keep even with my friend.

The interesting and happy description of a country clergyman, which Goldsmith has given in his "Deserted Village," naturally entered my mind; and in almost all its characteristic traits, it seemed to find its counterpart, or fac-simile, in the person to whose brief history I was listening.

"A man he was to all the country dear"—

beautifully applied, but happily the following lines did not—

"And passing rich with *forty* pounds a year."

Yet even this scanty stipend, little as it was, exceeds, by four times ten pounds, what too many of those who fill the same office should possess—those play-going, fox-hunting, card-playing race of patronized incumbents, or *incumberers*, and palmer-worms to our country.

His stipend, of whom I write, did not reach the exorbitant sum of tens of thousands, nor tens of hundreds, a year; and yet it was sufficient, not only to place him (as all who fill the ministerial office should be placed) above anxiety of mind concerning the things of this world; but enabled him to exhibit, practically, the spirit applied to such by the apostle—"given to hospitality."

Presently the tower of the village church appeared to rise from out a thick cluster of majestic trees, by which it was surrounded. Soon we gained the entrance into the village; and as we rode along, I imagined I could discover the influence of the pious pastor, even in the appearance of the people and things which I noticed; and, mentally, I exclaimed, "O, that all the ministers of the sanctuary in our land were of the same description! then would murmuring and dissatisfaction cease; the sacred office would no longer be the butt of ridicule, or the theme of profane execration; then 'God, even our own God, would bless us,' and all the people would turn unto him."

The soliloquy would, perhaps, have been extended, had not a quick turn in the road changed our view; for suddenly to our sight—

"The village preacher's modest mansion rose."

It was a neat, thatched building, of anti-babel elevation, its loftiest apartments being its airy chambers. Upon every part of it, comfort and contentment seemed visibly impressed. It stood back about thirty yards from the road-side; a graveled pathway ran along the whole width of the building, to a distance of somewhat more than four feet from the windows. From the centre of this path, and leading directly from the door-way to the little palisade-formed gate, was another of similar dimension; while the intermediate space on either

side was laid out tastefully in flower-beds. On the south side of the dwelling were a few acres of pasture land, in which the supplies of his dairy fed and fattened; and in a corner of it were accommodations for his cow and a little galloway.

Having dismounted and secured our horses, we walked up to the house, and received a courteous salutation from Mrs. Goodall, the worthy lady of the vicar.

Shortly after we had taken our seats, Mr. Goodall himself appeared; and never shall I forget his form. It now stands before my imagination, with only a little less vividness than that which actual vision could create. Years seemed to have produced a slight change in his manly form, from an erect posture, and had silvered over his head with thinly scattered hairs, white as the blossoms of the hawthorn. His eye, that index of the soul, still retained its powers of silent eloquence, and threw over a countenance of uncommon urbanity a lustre of intelligence, such as that organ, when good, seldom fails to impart.

We were received by him with the courtesy of a gentleman, and the openness of a friend. A variety of interesting conversation concerning the signs of the times, the providence of God, and the glory and extent of his kingdom in the world, engaged us for awhile; in all which matters Mrs. Goodall took a sensible and modest part. After partaking of some refreshment, Mr. Goodall very politely conducted me to his study. Here again I was indulged with a survey of a choice and well-selected library, principally made up of the works of some of our most celebrated theologians, both of ancient and modern date.

Shakspeare, in his pithy description of the movements of time, declares, that with some it "gallops withal." At the period in question, I found that with others, besides those the great bard has mentioned, time, sometimes, "gallops." With regret I perceived the hour had fully come when it became necessary I should say farewell to one, whose fellow I shall not often meet again on earth. The good old man walked with us, through an angle of his paddock, to our horses, and then, with an affectionate pressure of the hand, and a kind invitation to visit him again, he commended us to the blessing of his Master, and left us to pursue our ride homewards.

There is a species of curiosity indulged in by some, which is execrable. It leads its possessors, in restless prying scrutiny, to seek to dive into all the connections and particulars of every family, and with no higher motive, forsooth, than the pleasure of knowing the affairs of others better than they know their own. Such littleness of conduct evinces great puerility of mind, and merits every degree of reprehension which can be directed against it; and yet, while I hold and publish this doctrine, I confess that I felt an irrepressible desire to know more of the amiable person I had just visited.

Every indulger in any particular vice, has his own particular method of excuse or apology for what he does. So, too, have I, in reference to my present curiosity; it was not a desire to know, for the idle sake of

knowing, but from a conviction that additional knowledge would give strength to my regards for the worthy object of them. But how to obtain that information was difficult to determine, or, rather, I could not conceive. All I could learn of Mr. Goodall, from my friend, I had already learned; and that, as I have intimated, was of such a nature as to lead to a desire of more, rather than to satisfy.

A few months after my visit to the parsonage, I was spending a cheerful hour with a gentleman of my acquaintance, when the estimable Mr. Goodall became the leading subject of our conversation. Now the object of my solicitude appeared likely to be gained, my hopes were afresh excited, and, after I had proposed a few general questions on the subject, I found that my expectations were not more flattering than solid. I soon obtained all the information I wished, which not only interested my own mind very deeply, but furnished me with the means through which I now give the sequel of my tale.

Upwards of eighteen years had passed away, prior to my visit to Mr. Goodall's happy residence, since, in accordance with the convictions of his conscience, he had given up a cure which he held in another part of the country, and came to reside on the spot where the claims upon his services appeared the strongest. At this period, his family consisted of one son and three lovely daughters. Death had, however, a few months before, entered his domestic circle, and torn away from his arms the wife of his youth—the amiable mother of his beloved children. The management of so important a charge he felt would exceed his ability, and distract his attention from the weighty obligations connected with his ministerial duties; and hence, at a proper time, he entered a second time into the marriage state, with the excellent lady I had once the pleasure to meet.

Years had passed away since Mr. Goodall's second union, and manhood began to brace the limbs of his son, while his daughters advanced fast towards womanhood, with every advantage which personal attractions and a liberal education could give.

As in the family of the "Vicar of Wakefield" there was an Olivia, so was there also in this. She was the youngest of the three, and, perhaps, the most lovely. But many a casket of pre-eminent beauty exists, whose furniture is of the most homely character. Here it was not so. Fair as was the person of Olivia Goodall, the adorning of her mind was equally fair. She either was not aware of her external attractions, or she thought with Solomon—"Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." Her affectionate disposition, and pious simplicity, endeared her to an extensive circle.

Twenty summer suns had passed over her head, and her heart had never known a more tender emotion than friendship could inspire, excepting what she had felt towards God, and her family connections; but her reign of peace and freedom expired nearly with her teens. A pressing invitation from one of her sisters,

who had already been sometime married, and was settled respectably in London, drew her from the sylvan scenes of a quiet country life, to the glare and bustle of one of the most captivating cities in the world. To state what were her feelings during the hurry of preparation, or at the period of her departure, would be mere speculation; these things, and others, connected with her journey to town, are easily supplied by the most morbid imagination. It will, therefore, be sufficient to my purpose to state, that counsel, such as piety, experience, and affection might be supposed to offer, was given by her venerable sire, and received by the amiable Olivia with devout attention; and that, after four and twenty hours' traveling, she reached the busy and gay metropolis of her country, and shortly after felt herself pressed to the bosom of her beloved sister.

Sincere in all her professions, and artless as innocence could make her, Olivia judged of others by her own guileless nature; and hence, too soon fell a victim to craft, deception, and villany, of a rank, but too common, kind.

Among a number of respectable families, whom she visited in company with her sister, was a Mr. Freeport's, a gentleman whose character and connections rendered such acquaintance desirable. But in every earthly advantage there is something to mar and deteriorate. It was so here. The wife of Mr. Freeport was as opposite to himself as contrariety of character could make her. If the decided piety of her husband was not a matter of open dislike and ridicule, it was merely tolerated by her. Her public profession, indeed, resembled his; but her private conduct too plainly demonstrated, that hers was profession without principle. Boisterous in her temper, vain in her pursuits, and dressy in her person, she was the bane of her husband's peace, and the destroyer of her own and her family's happiness. Two sons were all the children they had, who, under proper training, might have become ornaments to society, and blessings to their connections. But who does not know the influence of a mother's conduct? Who is not aware of the awful capabilities of which she is possessed, and the consequent responsibility attaching to such a character? The ruin or preservation of her offspring, principally, as an instrument, rests with herself.

It was fashionable for Addison, Johnson, Steele, Knox, and others of their day, who were distinguished as essayists, to hold up, by satire, to reproof, the unnatural conduct of mothers who deserted their children in infancy, by turning them over to a nurse, and, in after life, consigning them to the care of tutors and governesses. But a worse, if possible, course of conduct has led me thus to diverge a little from my tale. Who can but tremble for those whose cruelty is not sufficiently exercised by leaving their children to pursue the course their own depraved nature may point out, but who, abetting them in their practices, furnish them with the means, yet more effectually to carry out into daring acts their enmity towards God? Such is, in too many

instances, the case with mothers now; and such was the case with Mrs. Freeport in reference to her two sons. Unknown to her husband and friends, she furnished them with sums as their wishes desired, to plunge into every kind of gayety and excess, at the theatre, the ball-room, and the card-table. As, however, this line of conduct was pursued in secret, an external profession was still maintained by the youths, to the deception of their father and others.

Such had long been, and such continued to be, the state of affairs at Mr. Freeport's when Olivia and her sister visited. However much the feelings of Marcus, the eldest son of Mr. Freeport, might have been deadened by his pursuits of folly, he was not insensible to the charms of the lovely Olivia; and yet they were too vitiated to feel the pure and holy passion, to which only, with propriety, the epithet *love* is applied. Every interview increased what was considered his affection towards her. The artless Olivia saw, and judging by what she saw, approved, and approving loved—yes, she returned an almost idolizing passion for a base and worthless counterfeit. The proposals of young Freeport were listened to, the character of the worthy father was forwarded to Mr. Goodall, his consent was obtained, and, in about nine months from leaving the parsonage, the happy Olivia Goodall returned from it again to London, expecting to be the happy Mrs. Freeport.

Every thing furnished presumptive evidence to her, that she should realize, at least, as much of happiness as usually is known by the happy in the married state. She was united to the man of her affections, for her heart was wholly his; their circumstances in life were more than merely easy, and her husband was kind and attentive. But the sunny bow of her joys was evanescent, as is frequently the pageant which adorns the heavens after the falling of a summer shower. Unkindness succeeded to inattention, and that was followed by partial desertion: home, for him, appeared to have no charms; and religion, no attractions: still the affectionate Olivia neither felt nor expressed any diminution in her regards. She loved him with all the ardor of a woman's love—than which nothing is more lasting, nothing more strong. She even displayed increasing affection, as her husband's declined; and sought, by devoted kindness, to make his home the most delightful spot which earth could present, and to bind it and herself to him. But her efforts were vain, and she wept, unrepvingly, over what she could not remedy.

Four years she had been a wife, and now two lovely children claimed and enjoyed her diligent and affectionate care. These became her chief earthly comfort; to train their infant minds to knowledge and piety, engaged all the spare time from other concerns which now pressed heavily upon her, and which, from their nature, should have been attended to by her husband. Still no murmur escaped her, no upbraiding word fell on the ear of him she still loved; much less did any intimation to her friends furnish materials for con-
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ture, even that she was not happy. No! her own bosom, and the ear of God, were the repository of the secret of her sufferings, which to her were sacred.

"She never told her woe,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief."

It was no unfrequent thing, now, for Olivia to be left alone, with all the weight of business on her hands, for a week or two together. He who had played the hypocrite already to such perfection, had not lost the ability to support that character still: in fact, he played it not—it was his own. Olivia, unsuspecting as ever, for still she loved him with the strength of first love, and hence the glaring inconsistencies in his conduct passed off unnoticed by her—gave full credence to every tale he told. Sometimes, an unexpected circumstance connected with business was feigned, to call him to the country, in one direction, sometimes in another; on such occasions, she displayed all the tender affection of a wife, by hastening, with an assiduity which few could have surpassed, to prepare for his departure; and then, with her own hands, packed his portmanteau, lest any comfort should be forgotten—with all the devotion of a young lover, she bade him adieu, while he hastened to the scenes which he loved, and such as I forbear to mention.

Once already had the profligacy of Marcus Freeport involved him in embarrassment. The marriage portion of Olivia was expended, and additional help was indispensable; for, without it, publicity would be given to the state of his affairs. In this dilemma, the confiding, devoted wife, believing that misfortune, as stated by her husband, was the cause, so represented the case to her pious father, and he, relying on the statement of his beloved child, promptly remitted the sum required. This affair had passed away, when, one fine evening, Olivia was sitting with her beloved Marcus, as she fondly called her husband; the children were gamboling around them, and happiness once again seemed entering their habitation. Indeed, the kind-hearted Olivia always felt happy when Marcus was with her. She was now gazing on him in a rapture of affection, when a gentleman was announced, inquiring for Mr. Freeport; the servant was desired to introduce him; he entered, and, after a brief apology for his intrusion, exhibited a writ, by virtue of which he claimed Mr. Marcus Freeport for his prisoner. Olivia shrieked, sprang with a convulsive bound to the side of her husband, as if to protect him, and fainted at his feet. Returning consciousness presented her affrighted children weeping over her, who, with the servant, alone remained. Her husband was immured within the strong walls of a prison.

During one of the days which her husband had devoted to pleasure, he journeyed with a female of fascinating appearance. The appearance of Mr. Freeport was perfectly gentlemanly. Struck with the beauty and accomplishments of his fair companion, he resolved

to carry off the prize which was thus presented; and hence, assuming an air and consequence perfectly *nau-tique*, he appeared before her *la courageux et illustre* Captain George Frederick Stanley.

The beautiful Miss Maria Louisa Nevell, after a courtship of a few weeks, was led to the altar, and became the deceived bride of an accomplished villain. In two weeks he abandoned her.

A few days only passed, and the public papers told a tale which Olivia would never have told. Her pious and venerable father read the heart-sickening statement, and instantly sent such condolence as his child's circumstances required, accompanied by a request, that she would retire with her family to his parental abode, and make his house her home. She declined. Her heart still was his, who had basely spurned the purest, strongest affection. Her determination was fixed, and she awaited the issue of his trial.

The morning of the day arrived—the case was opened—his marriage with Olivia was proved. It only remained to substantiate his second marriage to make out a case of bigamy. To the "glorious uncertainty of the law," however, he was indebted for a verdict, which, although in his favor in reference to his freedom, removed not from his character the blot with which it was stained. The marriage, indeed, was clearly proved, as far as the ceremony went; but that was rendered invalid by the omission of one of the lady's given names, and he was discharged. Even yet, with the fondness of a wife who deserved a better husband, Olivia loved him; and, on the day of his acquittal, waited for him at the door of his prison, and, receiving him to her bosom, conveyed him, in a carriage she had prepared for the purpose, to their habitation.

The wound, however, which such infamy had inflicted upon the peace of the aged Mr. Goodall, bowed him down to the earth. "I have," he replied to a friend who paid him a visit shortly after, "I have been poorly sometime, and this last affair has been the breaking up of my constitution." He continued for a while to perform the duties of his office; but, at length the village bell, which had for so long a period called his flock to receive the word at his lips, summoned the weeping villagers to follow to the grave the remains of their faithful and beloved minister. Olivia, too, like some scathed flower beat down beneath a desolating storm before its beauty had declined, sunk under the loss of her venerable parent, and the continued unkindness of her husband, whom still she loved with the unabated ardor of strong affection, and whose crimes she still sought to hide from popular observation.

As the heavy hand of death pressed upon her heart, and the feeble pulse of life beat slower and yet more slow, she prayed for him; and while her redeemed spirit passed gently away, and the whispered "*farewell*" issued from her lips, her closing eye gazed fondly on him; and even in death, the placid smile which sat upon her face, seemed to express what she had, during life, so powerfully displayed—ENDURING AFFECTION!

ELEGY TO MOUNT ZION.

(FROM THE HEBREW.)

FORGETTEST thou, O Zion! thy children, who now languish in chains of slavery? the remnant of that innocent flock who once fed in thy peaceful vallies? Dost thou not receive the salutations with which they still hail thee on all sides, now that their oppressor has scattered them? The salutation of a slave still hoping, even in chains; the tears of whose weeping roll down like drops of nightly dew on Hermon; who would yet be contented could his flood of tears only moisten thy neglected hill. O! his hope sinks not yet; for though, now that I bewail thine affliction, I am like the nightly owl; yet, if I dream of thy redemption, my joyous soul is as the harp of the joyful songs of Bethel. O, these recollections break my heart!—thy sanctuary!—thine undesecrated hills! where the majesty of God visibly showed itself—where the azure gates of heaven never closed—where the splendor of the God of glory shone; and sun, moon, and stars, were extinguished. O could I there pour out my anxious heart, where the Spirit of God once poured out itself on the youths of Israel! O blessed place! which, too holy for earthly thrones, was sanctified only to the throne of the glory of God! Alas! now have desperate wretches desecrated thy sanctuary. O could my soul, in sorrowful silence, lonely hover there, where God reveals himself to his prophets! Were I provided with swift wings, how far would I soar away, and bear my grief-pierced heart among the ruins of thy palaces. There would I sink on thine earth, cling fast to thy stones, and ardently bless thy dust. Could I raise myself up on the graves of my moldering parents;—here, despairing, gaze on Hebron, the most splendid of graves; and there, look towards yonder mount, which is covered with the tombs of the greatest lights of the earth—thy teachers. O then would I prefer the air of thy land to the ether which the spirits breathe; thy dust would be more precious to me than spices, and thy rivers sweeter than streams of honey! With what delight would I, naked and disfigured, seek the desert where thy palaces have shone—where the earth hath opened to receive the ark of thy covenant, and thy holy of holies, in its dark womb, that no profligate might profane them. Then would I strew the ornaments of my head on thy graves; and every imprecation with which I could load the day thou wert profaned, would be a wild satisfaction to my despair. For a wild satisfaction only can I feel in my desperation; every breath of air is worthless to me so long as I see lions torn by dogs; thy princes by slaves. I dread the light of day, which shows me horrible images, and exhibits ravens who tear thy sacred corpses in the air. Alas! thou mixest the cup of sorrows.

Stay! Already thy bitter draught is full. Only a little respite. I will first feel all my sorrows again. I will think of Ohla—I will think of Ohliba—then do thou pour out the rest upon me!

Cheer thee, crown of beauty! Awake, O Zion! think of the love, think of the innocence which attracted the hearts of the maidens, thy play-fellows, with

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powerful charms. It is they who mourn thy desolation—who melt into tears at thine affliction. Even from the confinement of the gloomy cavern their heart longs after thee; and when they bow the knee in devotion before God, their head is inclined toward thy gates. O thrice blessed mount!—can Schinkor* and Patrus,† with their proud greatness, approach thee? Shall I compare their profane oracles with thy Urim and Thummim? Can they produce anointed heroes?—can they prophets?—can they Levites and holy minstrels? O the riches of idolatry are transient, and pass away like smoke—thy splendor only continues for ever and ever; for the Lord hath chosen thee for his dwelling place! Blessed is the man who now tarries, and then shall behold with shouting thy light arise—for thy morning breaks on him—for he sees the joys of the cheerful youths, and thine own also, since thou again becomest young!

G. F. R.



Original.

A GRAMMATICAL LUCUBRATION.

"MAN," grammatically rendered, is a noun substantive; but that is his name merely—efficiently speaking, we know he is a *verb*; for his vocation is *to be*, *to do*, and *to suffer*. And all his modifications will accord with these in their variety. The man *active*, besides individual function, passes over and *governs*, even in "*objective cases*;" and as agent in one or other capacity, he fills the whole scope of performances, and effects all that is effected in this world of ours—God ruling it, and *overruling* to those happenings and issues which unallied man were too short-sighted or too vain to foresee or to control.

Man, the verb *passive*, with intelligence and heart—with limbs, muscles, and sinews—and especially with *instruction*, is still more faulty than the former. His impulses to good often denied—his power of activity neglected and disused. Requiring all, and rendering nought, he hides his talent under a bushel—he rusts in sloth—he succumbs to the reaction of his own system, and is finally lapsed into a moral, mental, spiritual *non-entity*—his *physical* still cumbering the earth.

And the verb *neuter*, as appertaining to certain some, is still more disgraceful than the latter, (seeming to imply power without ability, means without spirit, fullness without liberality.) The imbecile is paralyzed by selfishness and besotted by ease—repressing the exercise of volition, action, and free agency. He is neither alive to patriotism, nor sensible to genius, nor accessible to want, nor "an entertainer of the Spirit;" and denying at once his body, his mind, his heart, and his soul, he is indeed not a "being," but only "a state of being."

The *world* itself, we should say, were by eminence the noun substantive, being indeed of substance, yet subject to many modifications, to continual fluctuation, now *nominating* its verb, and now (in portions) the

* Babel. † Egypt.

object of it—the *noun of multitude* having more influence, in most cases, than the *noun singular* can have; and it may at convenience be made to agree with the *one* or the *many*, as the case may be.

And what is the *pronoun*? The poor *slave* is the pronoun, “standing for a noun,” but not a noun—not for *himself*, but for another—for whom (taking him also to our *verb* list) he is made to be “active, passive, neuter!”

And the *adjective*?—is the parasite—the “humble,” “obedient,” “devoted,” “most grateful” *adjunct*—never a principal.

The *adverb* is the word of *ways* and *means*, of *measures* and *times*, and allies itself necessarily with all matters, small and great, being itself but the *media* thereof.

The *participle*, a word of retrospective mood, shows us what is *past*, sometimes also being *perfected*—sometimes in the *compound* of the *perfect*—even unto the salvation of such as will, Christ *having died* for all.

The *conjunction* is a necessity of nature in all its particles, and of established consequence. Without it, “chaos were come again.”

Prepositions seem to us more like legal quiddities than like any better thing—chiefly the *from* and the *to* of *transfer*—*by* the lawyer.

And the *interjection*?—is nature’s pathos—of all organized being, as of humanity—the ocean’s sob and sigh—the sigh or the imprecation of the air—the throe of the earthquake—the fire percussion—all, all—with the sadder and deeper *O!’s* and *Ah!’s* of human dissolution! These are *interjections*.

The *a* and the *the*, our soul *then*, with spontaneous reverence *knows*, as its ultimate and its only—the “beginner and the finisher”—its *all* in *all*—*the one*.

C. M. B.

GENERAL RULES FOR LIVING.

1. RELIGION, devotion to God, shall be the absorbing element. In it I will live and move; and to it make all other things subserve.

2. In all duties, temporal and spiritual, *arrangement* shall be observed; order, time, and place. Punctuality, promptness, and energy shall never be forgotten.

3. My deportment to all persons, strangers or familiars, shall, as far as in me lies, bespeak deliberation, gentleness, politeness; a sincere solicitude for their convenience and good; and forbearance that cannot be exhausted.

4. To strangers, and persons in oppressive circumstances, my expressions of sympathy and benevolence shall be particularly given. (God grant to teach me the art of cheering desponding hearts!)

5. Diligence, frugality, and neatness shall characterize whatever comes under my hand or practice. Whatever I do, shall be done with dispatch, but not with hurry.

6. *Health* shall be studied in dress, room, and diet. Temperance shall be observed in food, both in quantity and quality.

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7. I will most carefully avoid any intrusion upon the privilege, property, or attention of others, however small that intrusion may seem to be. And I will as carefully pay a penny as a pound, a cent as a dollar. No “*littleness*” shall enter into any arrangement for pecuniary convenience; but I will be as careful to save another’s trouble as my own; and I will as readily save a dollar for another as for myself.

8. My subjects for conversation shall be carefully selected, and then carefully pursued by good language, to the entire exclusion of the by-word, vulgar style. I will make no unfavorable remarks on character or performances, unless strict justice require it. I will also refrain from making communications received from others, or through other medium, unless called for by connection with other remarks. I will seek that “*holy carefulness*” may characterize all my words, and a sense of the *all-pervading Presence* be apparent.

9. For neglect I will return attention; for rough, careless words, I will return mild, careful ones; for rudeness of any kind I will return politeness; that retaliation may enter into none of my ways in any form. Let me never violate that courtesy which springs from a mild and gentle heart.

10. *Complaining*, of all kinds and degrees, whether of circumstances or treatment, or corporeal suffering, shall be for ever excluded from my lips, that the spirit of the Lamb may brood over me.

11. I will always cultivate what may be termed a holy independence; having but one course as to my duty, whether it be hard or easy, and whether others perform their part or not; discarding all omission and procrastination induced by desire.

12. A remembrance of the worth of *time* shall be kept prominent in mind. I will endeavor to redeem time by early retiring and early rising, and well-timed exercises.

13. Believing that action and reaction operate through the *mind* and *manners* of the creature, my cultivation shall include external with internal. Therefore, tone of voice, expression of countenance, gestures, &c., shall be taken into the account; and in all these, gracefulness, delicacy, and a sense of self-respect shall be sought; meantime, respect, honor, and reverence secured to others. This must discard all abrupt speaking, careless replies, inattention to remarks, and the rudeness of monopoly.

14. I will pay special attention to the aged, and to children; seeking opportunities to comfort and reverence the former, and instruct the latter. And for the neglect of this rule of my life, more than all others, I will seek no apology in depression of animal spirits, fatigue, or any similar thing.

15. I will always be careful not to let my feelings rise above their subordinate place, by giving too full outward expression or internal consent. I will never give myself up to the *control* of emotion, in any case.

16. I will, by all means, keep a well-sustained expectation of *perpetual improvement*; my watch-word being, “*Cultivation*.”—*Guide to Christian Perfection*.

TREATMENT OF CHILDREN.

THE wrongs of children are a copious subject for remark and complaint. Why we should think ourselves exonerated from a regard to the common laws of justice and humanity, in our treatment of beings so fitted to excite every feeling of tenderness and consideration, would be inexplicable, if it were not explained by the general tendency of unlimited power to mislead the understanding and harden the heart. The system of punishment, still persevered in at our great public schools, ought to excite the indignation of all enlightened and Christian parents; but at present I shall confine myself to a few hints on the discipline of charity schools. Some degree of experience has confirmed me in the opinion, that love, and not fear, is the most effectual incitement to goodness in a child's mind:—*fear*, perhaps, must be resorted to in peculiar and very inveterate cases, and it is necessary to preserve a strict sense of subordination, which may be called fear; but every child, who is kindly and rationally treated, easily perceives that his welfare is promoted by our control over him, and that his obedience is a source of improvement and happiness. Now, when that required obedience is embittered by a harsh manner and by severe words, when we evidently exercise our power in anger and resentment, and apparently to gratify our own revengeful feelings, the culprit, instead of being led to the consideration of his own fault, has some of his worst passions roused, to repel and resist our unkindness. We ought not to become the enemy of those we find it necessary to punish: if we are Christians, we shall understand this; for does not Jesus Christ command us to forgive our erring brethren "even until seventy times seven." Let us not think that our conduct to little children ought not to be regulated by the same heavenly precepts of mercy and of truth.

God has made no mental distinctions in regard to rank and station: the child of the meanest peasant ranks as high, in an intellectual, moral, and religious view, as the son of a prince. The gift of immortality, the belief of an all-wise and merciful Providence, is of the same value to both. "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones," is the benignant language of our Savior. The influence of fear is often had recourse to from ignorance of the human mind, as well as from neglect of the divine law of love. The only legitimate end of punishment is defined, by some intelligent writers of the present day, to be the reformation of the offender; and retribution is excluded, and even exemplary punishment, as tending to much evil and injustice. It may confidently be asserted, that punishment, taken as the retribution of moral guilt, can be safely employed only by the supreme Arbiter of the world; and that, when fallible men take upon themselves the right of employing it, as the means of resentment, it is liable to the most terrible abuse, and will equitably be returned upon them as the reward of their own guilt. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." In human hands, it is a mode of avenging our cause, which cannot be distinguished from the

doctrine of returning evil for evil; and reason and revelation both join in reprobating this, as destructive of human happiness, and proceeding from a viciousness of heart.—*Bicheno on Criminal Jurisprudence*, p. 103.

If, then, our only end is reformation, the question of every enlightened and humane person must be, With how little suffering can this child be led to a sense of his fault, and consequent alteration of conduct? I answer, Through the medium of the understanding and the heart; for we must inform the mind and affect the feelings, if we would lead a rational creature from error into the paths of virtue: when we do not attempt this, our labor must be useless, and worse than useless; and we shall prove ourselves insufficient for the task undertaken. The impenitence of the culprit arises either from our ignorance of the human mind, or, as is still oftener the case, our want of temper and Christian charity. The heart lies open to kindness, but closes at the appearance of hostility. By the crude efforts of harsh authority, we shall never gain admittance there: we may perhaps constrain outward propriety of conduct, but there will be no real reformation, no attainment of the proper end of punishment.

It would be impracticable, and likewise unnecessary, to mention different modes of treatment adapted to the variety of mental maladies that offer themselves in a large school: only let the law of love reign in our own heart, and influence our own conduct, and the particular mode of correction is comparatively unimportant, when regulated by a benevolent and merciful disposition, and constantly accompanied by an impressive and affectionate appeal to the mind and heart of the child. Explain to him, in familiar language, that punishment is in reality for his benefit, and that you inflict it, not because you are in anger with him, but because you love him too well to allow him to be wicked; and never forget to represent the offense as chiefly against his heavenly Father, and that there he must principally look for mercy and forgiveness.

Let us not remain so unimbued with the spirit of Christianity, so ignorant of the human mind, and so bent on the infliction of unnecessary pain, as to persevere in a course of harsh and unfeeling discipline, when the word of God, and the most enlightened views of the nature of man, concur in recommending a completely different mode of treatment. The source of all good and evil is in the heart; and there we must apply, if we would eradicate the weeds of vice, and bring into life and beauty those latent seeds of virtue, which may be destined, by the blessing of Heaven on our well-directed exertions, to blossom in a happier and more congenial clime.—*London Imperial Magazine*.

H E A V E N .

O, see those fair celestial heights,
How bright they shine, how glorious glow,
They shine, O, ye who act aright,
They glow, O Christians, but for you!

Original.

OPTICAL ILLUSION;

OR, GHOST SEEING.

ALTHOUGH it is no longer the custom with the present generation to *inculcate* superstition by allowing nursery maids, *unrebuked*, to relate supernatural tales to their children, yet do I believe that superstitious fears and feelings still exist in some parts of our land to a very considerable extent; not with the young alone, but with the middle-aged and the *old*. It is in the hope that these lines may be read by some of this class that I now relate *my* ghost story.

I had arrived at years of maturity before Sir Walter Scott's "Demonology and Witchcraft," and Sir David Brewster's "Natural Magic," had explained away all superstitious belief, with the enlightened part of the community, by taking them, as it were, *behind the scenes*, and exhibiting to them all the wires and pullies of *spectreism*; so that those who now have the courage to *look a ghost in the face*, may literally *see through it* as through a thin vapor. I had listened in my youth to many well authenticated tales of this kind, which I dared not distrust, and which I feared to believe; and perhaps there still clung to me an *unacknowledged leaven* of this sort; for I earnestly desired that I might never be visited by a spectre, but still hoped if I ever were, that I might have the courage, if not to "speak to it," to reconnoitre and *investigate* it. My wishes were at length granted. In the year 1834, I was on a visit to the southwest, and had been brought to the borders of the grave by the prevailing fever of that country. It had left me in such a low nervous state that the slightest sound would awaken me from sleep, and keep me watchful for the night; so that in order to be entirely undisturbed, I had my bed removed to a large unfinished upper room, extending the whole length of the house, with the rafters sloping overhead. Of this room I was the sole occupant. My bed was placed nearly in one corner, and was so high as to bring my head within a few feet of the roof. Here I had slept for several nights in undisturbed quietude. But the night in question was dark and cloudy when I ascended to my chamber; so that when I had extinguished my candle, there was scarcely light enough to make the "darkness visible." Although there were two large windows at each end of the room, yet I could see nothing; but it was delightfully still, and I soon fell into a sweet, quiet sleep, from which, after the lapse of some hours, perhaps, I was suddenly awakened by a rude sound directly over my head; but at this I was not alarmed, for my ear recognized it to be the alighting of some night bird on the roof, and I did not even uncloset my eyes lest I should induce a state of wakefulness. But it was all in vain, and my prudence availed me nothing. My sleep had been disturbed, and slumber had flown from my eye-lids; so, after tossing about for sometime, I opened my eyes and looked around. The room now presented so different an appearance from what it did when I went to bed, that I could hardly realize *where* I was. The clouds had dispersed, and the moon had

risen in her splendor, and was shedding a broad pathway of light through nearly the whole length of my long and before dismal chamber, leaving the eaves and the corners still in undistinguishable darkness. After admiring for sometime the surpassing brightness of the moonlight, my thoughts turned *inward*, and I closed my eyes for meditation. When I again opened them, I was indeed alarmed. In the diagonally opposite corner of the room from my bed, remote from the light of either window, and where, but a few minutes before, all had been pitchy darkness, there now glowed a broad, softened, phosphorescent light. In vain I strove to account for it. I sat up in my bed, and gazed and speculated. It seemed to my scared vision broader and brighter as I looked upon it. Every thing was hush as death. I was nervous and alone, and I began to feel my hair stiffen, and to *hear* my heart beat with undefined apprehension. Again I feared the vision would assume the semblance of some departed friend, and approach me; and I was more excited than I had ever before been with supernatural dread. But I remembered my determination, and resolved, in my desperation, to ascertain its nature before I was bereft of my senses; and as I rose from my bed to approach it, my knees smote each other with fear. There it was, still glowing before me; but I drew nearer and nearer, as if drawn on by a spell—at last I reached out my hand to grasp, as I thought, the "impassive air," and *touched it*. And, reader, what do you think it was?—a large *black japanned waiter*, standing against the house. The moon, as it rose, had shone through the window full upon a *looking-glass* that hung in its track, which caught its rays and threw them into this dark corner of the room, where they found a broad polished surface to rest upon; and the waiter being *black* neutralized the rays, and gave them that softened halo-looking light, of which the imagination ever weaves the drapery of ghosts. And thus was I deceived with my eyes wide open, and in the full possession of my senses, *until I touched it*. Had I remained in my bed trembling and speculating, I never should have arrived at the truth of the matter. When the moon should have attained a sufficient altitude in the heavens, to have passed away from the mirror, *my ghost*, which actually kept moving, would have *vanished also*; and I should still have continued the victim of doubt and uncertainty.

Let every one who beholds a suspicious looking object in an uncertain or obscure light, approach and *examine* it; and then, and not till then, will ghost stories vanish from the *dark corners* of our land, and spectres, like *witchcraft*, be heard of no more. Reader, you may smile if you will—I am *no coward*; and, all circumstances considered, I esteem it the greatest act of courage I ever performed; and I still contemplate the old black waiter with the greatest complacency, as the evidence of my heroism. CORNELIA AUGUSTA.



GOD is on the side of virtue; for whoever dreads punishment, suffers it, and whoever deserves it, dreads it.

Original.
DEATH.

BY MRS. M. B. HARLAN.

Ah! why do the sons of sorrow fear
 To meet my form when I hover near?
 I come to give the unquiet rest,
 And heal the wound of the care-worn breast.
 I enter the cell where the prisoners lie,
 And the glooms of the dungeon fade away.
 I bid the oppress'd go free, and no more
 They bow 'neath oppression's fearful power.
 I lay my hand on the tortur'd breast,
 And the heart is lull'd to a dreamless rest.
 To him of a sorrowful spirit I say,
 "Weep not," and the last tear is wip'd away.
 The beggar who starves near the rich man's door,
 I call—he hungers and thirsts no more.
 I press the diseas'd to my tranquil breast,
 And serenely calm is the sufferer's rest.
 How sweet is the smile on the still pale face,
 Where I leave the impress of my kind embrace!
 I touch the cheek in its early bloom,
 And it fades like a flower 'mid its young perfume;
 For, blighted, it feels not the storm's chill sway,
 That scatters the autumn leaves away.
 I come on the cannon's deafening roar,
 And the strife of the contest with thee is o'er.
 I wreath the thorn with the laurels of fame,
 And a glory links with thy deathless name.
 With the dark assassin I come to heal
 The wound he inflicts with his fatal steel.
 The wild swimming eye I quietly close
 In a sleep more serene than infant's repose.
 I come to thee in the storm's career—
 The deep-ton'd thunder is hushed on thine ear,
 And the lightning that gleams thro' the stormy sky
 Sends no fearful flash to thy rayless eye.
 I cradle thee on the foaming wave
 To thy last repose in a wat'ry grave;
 And the storm that sweeps o'er the swelling sea,
 Is the herald of calmness unto thee.
 'Twill reck thee nothing, affliction's child!
 If I meet thee in city or desert wild,
 On the misty shore, or the stormy deep;
 For sweet in mine arms is thy long last sleep.
 Then why should the sons of sorrow fear
 To meet my pale form when I hover near?
 For I come to give the unquiet rest,
 And heal the wound of the care-worn breast.

THE CREATOR.

THOU art my Source of being—out from thee
 Streamed forth whate'er I am or hope to be,
 Save sin, which stains the current of my life,
 And whelms my placid soul in painful strife.
 Great Source of being, purity, and peace,
 Behold my bondage, and my soul release.

Original.
THE CHRISTIAN TRAVELER.

BY MISS DE FOREST.

I.

Ho! Christian traveler!
Faint, yet pursuing,
 Why dost thou loiter thus?
 Up and be doing—
 Gird on your panoply—
 Faith, hope, and love—
 Seek on your bended knee
 Strength from above.

II.

Forth on thy pilgrimage,
 Dark though it be,
 Light of eternity
 Soon thou shalt see.
 Haste, then, and while thou thus
 Threadest the way,
 Work for thy blessed Lord—
 Work while you may.

III.

What though the tempests rave
 From shore to shore,
 Oil on the troubled wave
 Pour—gently pour.
 Tempest and storm may then
 Cease their commotion,
 And the bright star of hope
 Beam o'er the ocean.

IV.

Help to the helpless give—
 Rest to the weary—
 Bid the despairing live,
 Though life be dreary—
 Whisper sweet words of love
 To the heart-broken,
 Praying that they may prove
 Words fitly spoken.

V.

Hast thou a comrade borne
 Down with life's woes?
 O'er his rough, thorny path
 Twine Sharon's rose.
 There shall it sweetly bloom,
 Yielding to sorrow,
 With all its rich perfume,
 Hope for the morrow.

VI.

Deem not thy duty done
 With the lone weeper:
 Rouse yonder careless one!
 Wake up that sleeper!
 Tell him night waneth fast—
 Day-light soon shineth

Time swiftly hurrieth past—
Light soon declineth.

VII.

Show that poor wanderer,
Bow'd down with guilt,
How that the blood of Christ
Freely was spilt—
Teach him the promises:
"He that believeth,"
(All sin forsaking,)
Salvation taketh.

VIII.

Where there is ignorance,
Sorrow, or sin—
Where broken hearts bleed,
Or worldlings win,
Hie thee to labor;
There thy way lies:
Heavy the task is,
But noble the prize.

IX.

Then on, Christian traveler!
God give thee speed,
And God give thee succor
In hour of need!
Yes, onward, and upward,
And when the goal's won,
Receive the sweet plaudit,
"Good servant! well done!"

TO THE MISANTHROPE.

I YIELD the hermit's lonely grot,
I yield the wretched papist's cell,
To him who sighs for such a lot,
And asks afar from man to dwell.
Be his the silence of the tomb,
Who loves not sounds to mortals given;
Be his the midnight's fearful gloom,
Who prizes not the light of heaven.

Be his no human face to see,
Be his no human hand to feel,
Be his no source of human glee,
Be his no spring of human weal;
Be his compeer the echo's note,
His solace be the zephyr's kiss,
Be his the airy dreams that float,
In minds that ask for lonely bliss.

All this I give thee, all resign,
Without a tear, without a sigh;
To live unseen, unknown be thine,
Unlov'd and unlamented die!
I would not have thy reptile soul
For kingdoms, tho' their number were
Like stars which far above us roll,
Or drops which ocean's urn can bear.

I love my race, tho' fallen far
Since Eden's flowery paths were trod,
When man was blest as angel's are,
And every hour communed with God.
'Tis true I love him best who soars
To greater heights than then were seen,
But yet my heart its kindness pours
On all that track this globe terrene.

Be mine what friendship can bestow
The aid, the balm that she can give;
Be mine affection's purest glow,
Which gone, we die; which here, we live.
Be mine her heart that's ever bland,
Be mine the beaming of her eye,
Be mine the pressure of her hand,
Be mine the burden of her sigh.

And when some grassy hillock lies,
On this now quickly throbbing breast,
When death's cold fingers seal these eyes,
And all that's mortal's hushed to rest:
Then let the stranger hear one tell,
That he whose humble grave is shown,
Man's joyous chorus lov'd to swell,
And lov'd to make his woes his own.

"WHAT IS LIFE?"

"For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away," James iv, 14.

WHAT is life?—Let sages say—
'Tis a fleeting April day;
'Tis a fading summer flow'r;
'Tis the vision of an hour.

What is life?—Gay hope may deem
'Tis a calmly gliding stream,
Winding on its flow'ry way,
Sparkling in the golden ray.

What is life?—Experience shows
'Tis a pilgrimage of woes;
'Tis a clouded shadowy gleam;
'Tis a restless feverish dream.

What is life?—Let truth divine
Tell us of its wise design,
'Tis a warfare, not a rest—
'Tis a struggle to be blest.

What is life?—Though but a span
It decides the lot of man:
Endless good or ill to be—
'Tis his choice of destiny.

'Tis the space by mercy given,
'Tis the spirit's path to heaven.
What is life beyond the sky?
Let *eternity* reply!

ELIZA.

NOTICES.

STERLING'S POEMS.—Adequate judges pronounce these poems to be "full of truth, fancy, and pathos." Their versification is correct, and they have not that artificial manner which so mars the beauty of much that is called good poetry.

THE DAUGHTERS OF ENGLAND.—This is a treatise on the relations, prerogatives, and duties of woman, by the author of "The Women of England"—a lady whose writings have gained her a name, and won for her golden opinions.

DEVOTIONAL MELODIES. By C. F. Deems, A. B.—This is a small collection of pieces for family or social use in the high praises of God. Its aim is excellent. The sentiments of the "Melodies" are truly devotional, and there is considerable merit in the compositions themselves. The author can safely cultivate his talent. Read the following:

"Tis pain to see our hopes go out,
Like the unfed taper's light,
And have the gloom of anxious doubt
Envelop us in night:
'Tis pain to send our purest love
To find an earthly track,
And then return, like Noah's dove,
And bring no 'peace-branch' back.

But O! how frightful is the pain
When Death shall read our doom,
To find that all our hopes are vain,
And crumble in the tomb:
To have no precious word of love
Thrill on the failing breath,
And see no arm around, above,
To strengthen us for death.

Dear Savior, in that awful hour
Of darkness and of pain,
O! let thine own right hand of power
My fainting soul sustain.
And when I tread Death's vale of night,
To my poor heart be given—
To drive away my spirit's fright—
One glimpse of God and heaven."

THE ELEMENTS OF CONSTITUTIONAL LAW AND OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Daniel Raymond.—It has passed through four editions, is highly recommended, and is a valuable work, well adapted to the use of common schools, and the instruction of the young.

THE AMERICAN ECLECTIC, for September, has been received. We publish the contents below. The articles will be interesting to readers generally. The work is well conducted, and is published on the first day of every alternate month, at four dollars, in advance.

"Memoirs of Jeremy Bentham, with an Introductory Note by the Editor—from the Westminster Review. The Church and the State, with an Introductory Note by the Editor—from the British and Foreign Review. The Oriental Plague and Quarantine Laws—from the British and Foreign Review. Mohammedan Dominion in India—from the Asiatic Journal. The Reign of Terror, with an Introductory Note by the Editor—from the Foreign Quarterly Review. Colliers and Collieries, with an Introductory Note by the Editor—from the Quarterly Review. Ignatius Loyola and his Associates, with an Introductory Note by the Editor—from the Edinburgh Review. Bibliographical Notices. Select List of Recent Publications."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE CAMP MEETINGS.—These extraordinary means of grace are becoming more and more valued by the Church, and are attended with clearer tokens of the Divine favor than heretofore. The meeting for the city stations and Madison circuit commenced on the 17th of August, and continued seven days. The weather was good, and a great number of people were in attendance. The ministers of Christ were filled with love for souls, and preached as dying men. We enjoyed the first five

days of the meeting with them, and felt continually (except the painful interruptions and confusion of the holy Sabbath, which we have never seen more fearfully desecrated by the wicked) that God was with his people to bless them, and that the Holy Spirit was present to convict and convert souls.

We are advised the best of the meeting was on Tuesday and Wednesday after we left, and this, from all we hear, was doubtless the case. Great good, and, with the exception of the Sabbath day's doings of the profligate, little evil will flow from this blessed opportunity to worship God day after day amidst the sylvan scenes of the forest. "Thanks be to God for his unspeakable" blessings! We shall look forward to next August with great expectations of a camp meeting still more glorious in its results. Commencing on Monday, and closing on Saturday, we may look for unmingled blessings, and we should not wonder if, in such a case, a thousand souls would be converted to God.

The camp meeting on White-Oak circuit commenced on the 27th, and closed on the 31st of August. This was, for several reasons, a pleasant and an interesting occasion. Three of the most venerable ministers in the western Church were present. Brother Q., the youngest of the three, is almost seventy years of age. He is remarkable for his theological acquirements, and for the gentle and winning persuasion with which he brings out of his treasury things new and old. Brother C. is more than seventy, and yet retains all that is interesting in his original, inventive, and philosophic mind. Brother L. is approaching eighty, and feels the weight of years, yet speaks with a clear, full voice, and rejoices as in the days of his youth.

Brothers Q. and C. preached, each in his peculiar style, and we know not when we have heard more instructive lessons, or melting appeals. The congregation was moved like the forest in a storm, yet their eloquence was gentle as the softest breeze. Each of these aged brethren produces a happy effect by anecdotes, which instruct the mind, as well as move the heart. I will give one from each.

Brother C. was, at the close of his sermon, pointing his hearers to their final blest abode; and to impress on them more familiarly and effectually a sense of its nearness and its blessedness, he said, "I once knew a sea captain by the name of P****, who made a voyage to the Indies, and was absent several years. In the meantime an infant child grew up to boyhood. He wrote to his family that the ship would sail on her return voyage at such a time. When the period arrived which might be expected to bring the vessel into port, this little boy, who had never seen his father, would go down to the dock daily and watch for the ship. At last a ship of the same name came into port. The lad was there, and waited on tip-toe for her to haul in. As soon as she touched the dock, the little fellow sprang aboard, and saluting a gentleman at hand, he said, 'Do you command this ship?' The answer was yes. 'Is your name Captain P****?' 'Yes, my son; what is your name?' 'My name is James P****—come along with me and I will show you where mother is.'"

The application of this simple incident, which very few men would have thought of using to illustrate the possible state of the soul entering upon a future life, will be made by the reader as it was by the hearers without any farther aid. In the audience were some who had buried their partners and their children. They doubtless seemed to see their spirits, just escaped from the perils of their earthly voyage, entering the confines of eternity, and overwhelmed and lost in the first burst of glory which encircles them, almost incapable, even in their immortal vigor, of calmly surveying so wonderful a scene. In the midst of their awe-struck wonder, a little cherub approaches, all covered with celestial grace, and says, "My name on earth was —, I am your child, redeemed by the sufferings of Jesus—come let me lead you to my mother, who is seated in yonder throng, with a crown upon her head, dressed in flowing robes like these, which have been washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." This little incident, related in father C.'s peculiar manner, was, to the hearts of his hearers, like the prophet's rod to the smitten rock.

To illustrate man's poverty, and show our entire dependance on God, father Q. says, "When I was at the General con-

ference nearly forty years ago, one of the preachers wished to have a line in one of the hymns changed. And which line do you think it was? It was the first line in the following couplet:

*'Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.'*

Dr. Coke said, 'And how would you have it read?'

*'Nought but a broken heart I give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.'*

'But,' said the Doctor, 'where did you get your broken heart?' 'From God.' 'It stands just right as it is. All we have that is our own is *sin*, and that line must not be changed.'

We wish that those who call us legalists could have heard this.

TRUST IN GOD.—In all the works of nature and grace God has a constant and an overruling agency. This should be always impressed upon our minds. Whether we seek some good, or strive to avoid some evil, we need to act under the conviction that all is vain unless God be on our side. Let us learn to trust in God. No cordial is so comfortable as that which is drawn from words like these, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Nothing so fortifies the mind and invigorates the spirit as faith in God, blended with a holy life. Such a life and trust warrant us to look forward with the blessed expectation of a life to come, in which the soul shall be a stranger to every form of evil and sorrow, and shall be intimate with many forms of heavenly felicity and joy. This hope may well warm the coldest heart, and infuse into our hearts a preliminary comfort, even while we dwell in this vale of tears. The strength of this trust and hope has been tried by thousands. They appeared to best advantage in the early Church, when persons of the tenderest age and of the timorous sex would embrace the stake or the rack, without the least uneasiness in look or gesture, and never quailed or trembled at any torture which the ingenuity and malice of the persecutor could invent or inflict.

And if religion had such power in it then, is it degenerated now? Does it not contain the same supports at this day? If it was thus effectual in the hardest circumstances of life, has it not virtue in the ordinary and lesser evils of our lot?

Let us fortify our minds by faith. And to do it, knowing that the grace of faith is from God, let us diligently apply to him in prayer for an increase of faith. Then shall we be able to adopt the language of the Psalmist in the 46th Psalm: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."

METHODIST FEMALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE OF CINCINNATI. *North side of Ninth-street, between Main and Walnut.*—Faculty: Rev. P. B. Wilber, A. M., Mrs. Mary C. Wilber, Principals. Rev. Charles Elliott, D. D., Professor of Greek and Latin. Rev. William Nast, Professor of Hebrew and German. Rev. L. L. Hamline, A. M., Professor of Elocution and Belles Lettres. Mrs. Emma Behne, Professor of Music, Ornamental Needle-work and French.

The preparatory department will be under the superintendence of competent instructors.

Division of the Year.—The regular collegiate year consists of forty-four weeks, divided into terms of twenty-two weeks each; and a quarter, of one-half a term, or eleven weeks. The first term commenced on the *first Monday of September*, and will continue twenty-two weeks. After a vacation of two weeks, the second term will commence, and continue twenty-two weeks, succeeded by a vacation of six weeks.

Course of Study.—The course of study embraces all those branches usually taught in common and select schools, together with those pursued in the most approved female institutions; and some of the branches will be pursued as far as they are in colleges and universities. The course will be divided into departments, forming a systematic and regular course, which will be so arranged that young ladies may have an opportunity of receiving instruction in any one branch, as well as the whole.

2

Terms of Tuition.—Terms of tuition from \$4 to \$12 per quarter. The extra branches, as Music, Painting, &c., will be a separate charge, and as moderate as circumstances will justify.

Boarding can be obtained, for any number of pupils, in the family of the Principal.

Further information, if desired, can be obtained by addressing the Principal.

References.—Hon. John M'Lean, John Reeves, Esq., William Neff, Josiah Lawrence, Dr. Charles Woodward, Moses Brooks, Esq., Harvey Decamp, Joseph G. Rust, Edward Taylor, Thos. H. Miner, Dr. Samuel A. Latta, Dr. Mussey, B. Hazen, John Litherberry, William Johnson, Esq., Dr. J. Seagar. Reference can also be had to all the stationed preachers in the city.

FOURTH ANNUAL CATALOGUE OF THE OAKLAND FEMALE SEMINARY, for the year ending August 5, 1842.—Teachers: Rev. Joseph M'Dowell Mathews, Principal. Miss Ann E. Shields, Miss Joann Wallin, Miss Selina Blanchard, Assistant Teachers. Mrs. M. C. M'Reynolds, Teacher of Music. Miss Sariah R. Wilson, Miss Sarah J. Hibben, Miss Mary A. Jones, Miss Sarah E. Kibler, Assistant Pupils.

Whole number of pupils 105.

The winter session of this institution will commence on Monday the 10th of October, and continue twenty-one weeks.

Patronage of the Conference.—The Principal, having formerly been a member of the Ohio annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and knowing the members of that body to be deeply interested in the cause of education, solicited them to patronize his school so far as to appoint a committee to attend his examinations. This they consented to do. But it is not the object of this patronage to exert any sectarian influence in the school.

We cordially commend this excellent seminary to the parents and guardians of youth.

CATALOGUE OF THE OFFICERS AND STUDENTS OF NORWALK SEMINARY, for the year 1842.—Faculty: Rev. E. Thomson, M. D., Principal, and Teacher of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy. Rev. A. Nelson, Teacher of Natural Science. Rev. H. Dwight, A. M., Teacher of Ancient Languages. Mr. J. S. Mitchell, Teacher of Mathematics. Mr. E. W. Dunn, Teacher of Primary Department. Female Department: Mrs. J. Z. Nelson, Preceptress. Mrs. A. Dwight, Teacher of Ornamental Branches.

Students.—Males, 265; Females, 126; Total, 391.

The annual examination takes place on the second Tuesday and Wednesday in July in each year.

There are four vacations in the year—the first five weeks from the annual examination, and a vacation of one week at the close of each quarter.

This institution is located in a healthful and beautiful village, and in the midst of an enlightened, moral, and religious community.

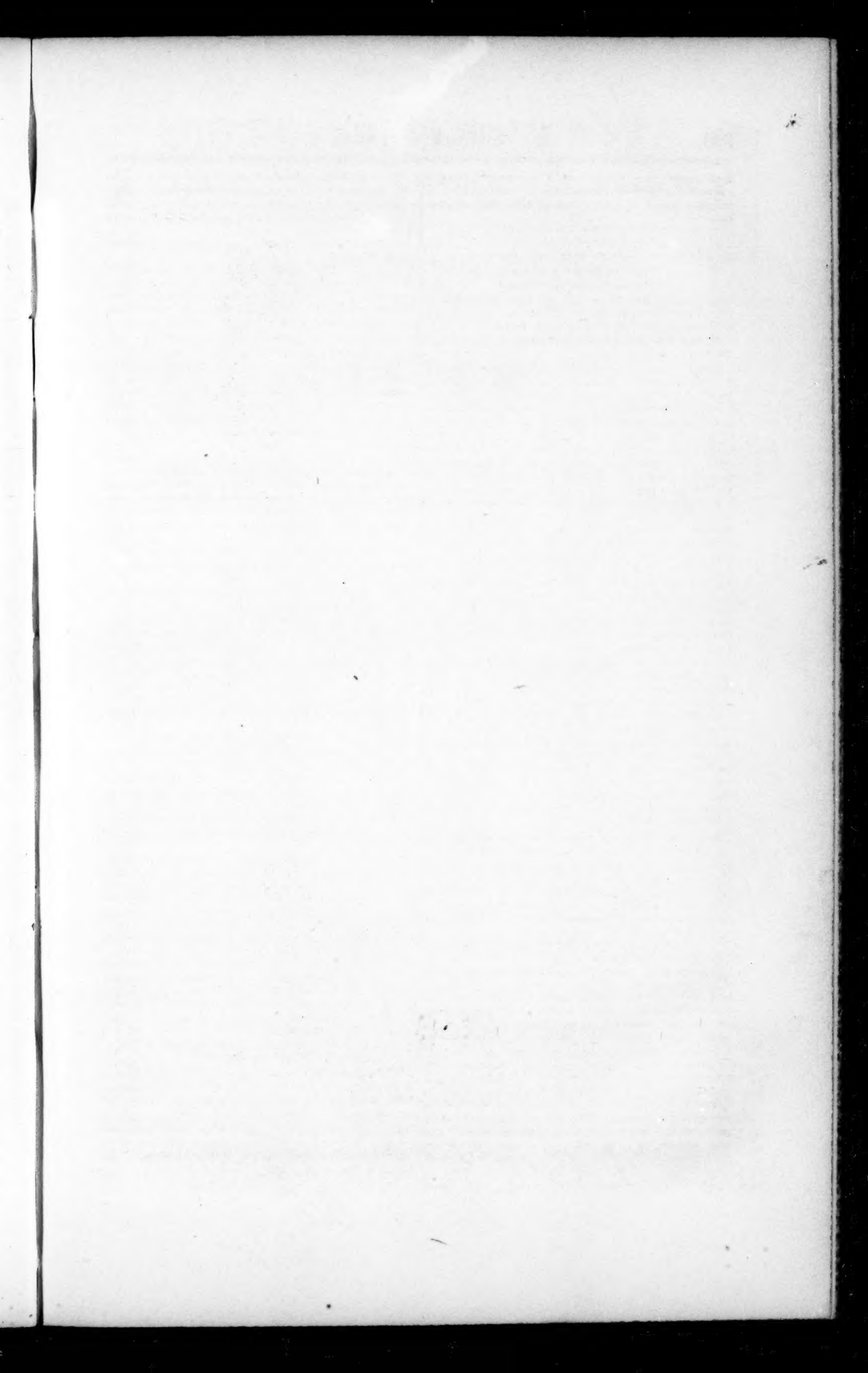
The building is an elegant three story brick edifice, affording ample accommodations for three hundred students. The two departments, male and female, although under the same roof, are conducted separately, except so far as to be under the supervision of the same Principal, and the same Board of Trustees.

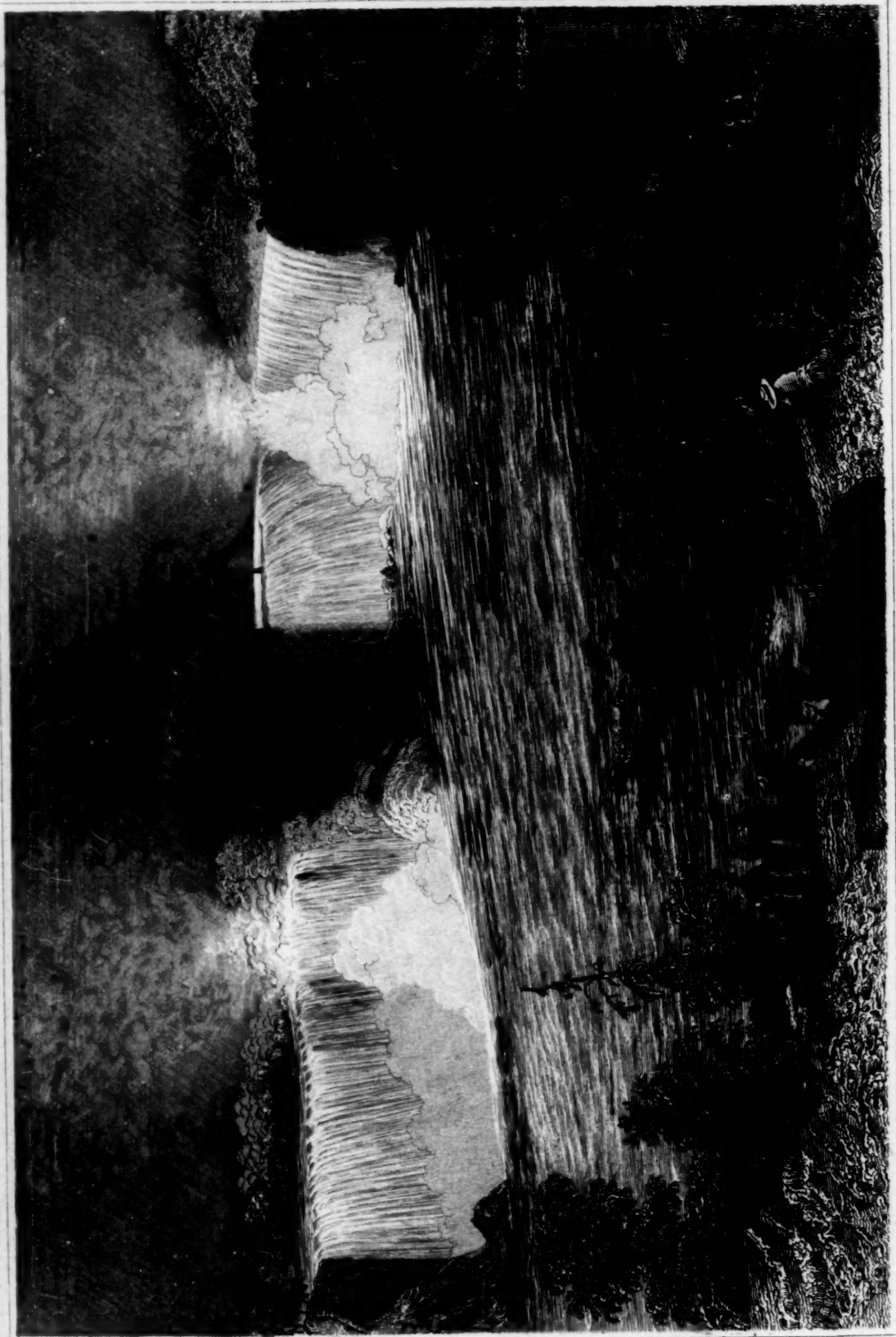
The institution is in possession of a philosophical apparatus, consisting, among other articles, of an air pump, solar microscope, lenses, electrical machine, artificial fountain, model of mechanical powers, globes, orrery, pneumatic cistern, tubes, receivers, and materials for a variety of chemical experiments. During the winter, lectures are delivered to the students on philosophical and historical subjects by an association of gentlemen formed for that purpose.

The success of this institution outruns all hope. It is to be the instrument of incalculable good.

TO READERS.—The necessary absence of the editor for several weeks, must account for some errors in the last two numbers. Errors, however, are unavoidable, and will always, with our best care, now and then appear in our work.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We appeal to our friends to be more prompt. For several weeks their minds seem to have been diverted from us and our necessities. Will they favor us?





Engr'd by W. Woodruff for the Ladies Repository.

NIAGARA FALLS.

(From near Clifton House.)

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